

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 29, 1939

WHO'S WHO

WILLIAM G. RYAN established his identity in the autobiographical letter published last week. For the benefit of the newcomers, or those who missed the issue, it may be summarized that he is from Milwaukee, Wis., that he served in Spain on the Loyalist, so-called, side, and that, having been a most estimable gentleman, highly respected by the Communists, he has now deteriorated into a most dangerous character, according to Communist decree. . . . JOSEPH A. MAHONEY is but a youth writing about youth. He is a very clever youth and very brave. He is a senior at St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y., president of the Middle Atlantic Region, Catholic Student Peace Federation, and secretary of the National Federation of Catholic College Students. . . . KATHERINE BURTON wrote *Sorrow Built a Bridge*, the story of the amazing Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, whom many revere as a saint. Educated at Western Reserve University, she taught the rudiments to miners and the ancient languages to scholars. She has been an associate editor on *McCall's Magazine* and on the *Redbook*. She now keeps home for her three children and freelances with the magazines. . . . WILLIAM J. BENN is an associate editor, former professor of philosophy; and little data need be supplied in regard to the contributor to *Literature and Arts*, the associate editor JOHN LAFARGE.

NEXT WEEK will bring the second and better part of the story about the Medical Bureau. Also, a most interesting Glossary of the New Deal Agencies, giving a short sketch of fifty of them from AAA to USHA. Then, it will be about time to bring the Legion of Decency up to date with a fresh article on the subject.

THIS WEEK

COMMENT 362

GENERAL ARTICLES

- Medical Bureau for Spain Reeks with Respectability.....William G. Ryan 364
The Arms Outstretched That Would Welcome ThemKatherine Burton 366
The Youths Who Walked Out When the Congress Went Red.....Joseph A. Mahoney 368
Democracy in America Needs a More Secure Basis.....William J. Benn 370

EDITORIALS 372

A Fateful Incident . . . In Danger of War . . . In Case of War . . . You Cannot Strike Against the Government . . . No Automatic Embargo . . . San Francisco's Third Bridge . . . The Unheeded Call.

CHRONICLE 375

CORRESPONDENCE 377

LITERATURE AND ARTS

- Matter Helps the Soul But Minds Make MaterialismJohn LaFarge 379

BOOKS REVIEWED BY 381

- Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters. Armistice Daniel M. O'Connell
The Good Pagan's Failure.....Eugene P. Burns
April Was When It Began Mary Fabyan Windeatt

THEATRE Elizabeth Jordan 383

FILMS Thomas J. Fitzmorris 384

EVENTS The Parader 384

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COMMENT

THE COPS of New York, God bless them and all the cops like them, are being assailed. Thousands of them, according to the *Nation*, are Fascists and Coughlinites and Christian Fronters, and they must be dismissed, inquired into, reprimanded or, at least, told not to arrest Communists and Semites. It seems that there has been a reign of terror during the past six months or more in certain sections of Mayor LaGuardia's town. When a Coughlinite starts an alleged fight, the policeman arrests the poor person the burly Coughlinite picks on. Not much is needed to make the *Nation* scream; but the provocation now makes the *Nation* scream through an editorial and ten columns and two half-columns. Not only must the cops be discharged, but the Coughlinites and Christian Front boys must be cleared off the street. The Liberals used to champion freedom of speech and assembly; that was before all Liberals turned out to be All-Leftist. The *Nation*, fronting for the Semites and Communists, wants no freedom for any opposition, wants "LaGuardia's police" at its beck, wants no competition for the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses* and *Equality*, and wants *Social Justice* suppressed. Few will pay attention to the screams of the *Nation*. We pay attention, however, because we recognize this added attack on Father Coughlin as part of a vicious campaign to sling slime at him and of a determination to silence him. More than that, the attack on Father Coughlin has become, in reality, an attack on Catholicism.

THE Italian Foreign Minister, Count Ciano, has made a visit to Spain. The reporting of this event reveals once more the important change which has taken place in the nature and purpose of journalism. Formerly, newspapers were intent on reporting facts as soon as they occurred and as accurately as possible. Now, if we may judge from the practice of leading news-gathering agencies, the purpose is rather to predict the future than to record the present and the past; to deal in conjecture, innuendo, crystal gazing, etc., rather than in cold, verifiable fact. In this case, the fact was that Count Ciano visited Spain to return the visit which Ramon Serrano Suñer, Spanish Foreign Minister, made to Italy several weeks ago, thus giving a "manifestation of the solidarity uniting two countries that have the same historic, cultural and racial interests." But this fact, apparently, was not sufficient for the clairvoyants who keep their readers informed on the future as well as on the present and the past. We were told—with the convenient phrase, of course, "It is reported"—that a military alliance was being brewed in the Italo-Spanish diplomatic pot. Alas, for the Cassandras of the press! A day or so after emitting their foreboding proph-

ecy, they had to record that General Franco, in an interview with the *Diario de Noticias*, affirmed that Spain was neither Italian nor German and in the event of war would remain neutral. May we recommend that the Press restrict itself to the present and the past and leave the future to God?

HUMAN nature will simply not allow itself to become the victim of any economic system of readjustment that ignores its fundamental liberties. Economics exist for man, not man for economics, and no law can possibly be enacted, however hide-bound or free from loopholes it may seem to be, that will ultimately overcome the stubbornness of the human will in resisting anything tyrannous that crosses its path, whether it be a law or a despot. In emergencies, men will submit temporarily to rules and regulations incompatible with their larger liberties. Dictators know this, and that is why these latter always want either a war or the threat of a war on their budget of betterment. But in the long run, a man will obey only a law that exists for his own good, never a law that exists for some abstract good. We wonder if legislators take account of human nature in this way when they make their laws these days. Take the bill to dismiss all married women from the posts of school teachers. This might seem to legislators an adroit solution of an economic tie-up. The law may have many merits. But our frenzied law-makers were forced to take many factors into consideration. For instance, it will prevent marriages and provide the state in a few years with an epidemic of bachelor-women who have been afraid of romance for fear of losing their salaries. Second, it will cause clandestine marriages of which the state can keep no record; or marital relationship with no contract made, and with these consequences: illegitimacy, spurious parenthood, and an added inducement for abortion and birth control. Third, a great number of women school-teachers who would normally marry and resign their jobs will refuse to do so now simply because they have been told they cannot do so of their own accord. Such are the ways of human independence. Call it human impudence if you want to; the point is, our legislators must take such factors into account when they make their laws.

A CONFIRMATION of the above animadversion can be shown by examples. Hurdy-gurdies have been outlawed from the streets of New York in the interests of an "anti-noise campaign." If hurdy-gurdies were the worst noises heard in the streets of New York, this city would be a musical paradise. Did the hurdy-gurdies go? They did not. They are

playing constantly and surreptitiously in side streets when the cop is not hearing; and the cop seems constantly to be not hearing, because there is something shameful, almost vicious in throwing a man into jail simply for making innocent tunes in a raucous street. And what is more, the hurdy-gurdy men are, if the present writer's observations will serve, getting larger rake-offs from their "customers" than ever. Housemaids and others would seem to be afraid that if the hurdy-gurdies go from the streets, song itself may go out of life: song, to which the hurdy-gurdy is not necessarily essential, but of which it has long been a traditional and honored symbol. And so one sees plentiful coins tossed from windows into the caps of grateful and ceremonious Italians—when nobody is looking! Likewise, signs posted in windows tell us not to give money to beggars. Beggars, you see, are economic nuisances, as hurdy-gurdies are nerve nuisances. But beggars are human necessities. A man has a right to beg, just as a man has a right to give alms. You cannot categorize as an essential nuisance what is, on occasion, a touching interchange of humility and charity between a person and a person. A beggar can love a person. He cannot love an organization. Neither can an organization love him. And lastly, there is the cigarette tax: an extra one cent for the city and a two cents for the state on every package of cigarettes, a commodity which can in some true sense be described as "the poor man's comfort." The result is an avalanche of sales of cigarettes in New Jersey, where the tax does not exist. The newspaper describes the situation as a "gold rush." Traffic has become impossible on some of the Jersey highways, by reason of the enormous roadside business in cigarettes.

BRITAIN will spend this year almost a million and one half dollars on its "foreign publicity department" in an attempt to nullify the efforts of Nazi propagandists and Italian-inspired Arab crooners. Not all of the appropriation, however, will be devoted to the "war of words and nerves" now raging between the Franco-British coalition and the Axis powers. Some seven hundred thousand dollars have been earmarked for the promotion of "a wider knowledge of Great Britain and the English language abroad, and to develop closer cultural relations between Great Britain and other countries." If a "war of words" will avert a sanguinary conflict of bullets and bombs, we are in favor of more and greater appropriations for foreign publicity. We heartily recommend, then, that the funds heretofore devoted to armaments be diverted to propaganda channels, that more and more articles appear inspired by the remark "of an important member of the government who is close to Premier Applesauce or Fuehrer Hooey," that the ether waves be burdened with bellicose nonsense twenty-four hours of the day. The people, after all, do not have to read the newspapers and can easily switch off the radio. But about that part of the appropriation marked for the promotion of cultural relations, we are less sanguine. Remembering 1914, we re-

main cold toward the prospect of closer "cultural" relations with England or any other foreign power. If the British do not mind and will not be offended, we prefer that this part of the budget for propaganda be spent on Hitler or the Arab crooners in the East.

UNITY among French Catholics in the promotion of world peace seems to be the objective of the Holy See's reversal of its ban against *Action Française*. The original condemnation of December 29, 1926, was issued because of what Charles Maurras and Leon Daudet, the heads of *Action Française*, had published against the Holy See and against the late Holy Father himself. In a letter dated November 20, 1938, the directorate of the group's newspaper made an act of submission, and at the same time presented a petition asking revocation of the condemnation. A further appeal to Pope Pius XII made open profession of veneration toward the Holy See, and gave ample guarantee of respect for the teaching mission of the Church. Maurras and Daudet publicly abjured their errors before and after the condemnation of Pius XI, reconfirmed that they will completely reject every principle and every theory in contrast with the Church's teachings, and declared that they would edit their paper in a manner that would uphold religious life and not interfere with the moral order of the Church. The Congregation of the Holy Office thereupon removed the ban, affirming that its province was not to pass judgment on the purely political aspects of *Action's* theory of government, provided it be not in conflict with moral rights, which France's bishops were cautioned to safeguard. The revocation is a tribute to the gain in French Catholic strength since 1926, as evidenced by the development of the *Jociste* movement, of *Action Populaire*, and of the organic Catholic life vitalized by an apostolic hierarchy and clergy, many of them veterans who fought for France.

THOUGH the Catholic Church in the Czech protectorate holds itself officially aloof from political life, individual priests in considerable numbers assume their historic rôle of comforters to bewildered people. Sermons are not censored, and Czechs throng the Catholic churches expecting advice. What they hear is usually in the form of allegory. Many priests, for example, tell their congregations that the Blessed Virgin drove the Turks out of Europe and that she is still all-powerful. They also recall that Herod, the tyrant slayer of innocents, met his due reward after death. The Germans complain of more direct forms of "provocation," such as the singing at Mass of the traditional Wenceslaus hymn and the turning of pilgrimages to mountain shrines into nationalist demonstrations. Old Bohemia will not easily relinquish its devotion to the Faith of Saints Cyril and Methodius for an upstart liturgy imparted by Gestapo catechists. For several hundred years, Catholicism in Bohemia has had to fight for its life. It will not fail now.

MEDICAL BUREAU FOR SPAIN REEKS WITH RESPECTABILITY

Innocents pay over here, but victims pay over there

WILLIAM G. RYAN

ANNOUNCING a new million-dollar drive to aid Spanish Loyalist refugees in France, the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy presents to the public an imposing list of sponsors. Headed by the name of a Presidential Cabinet member, the list includes nationally and internationally known writers, educators, scientists, actors, ministers, lawyers and others in the upper brackets of American intellectual life. With such persons lending their assistance, it can scarcely be doubted that the Medical Bureau's latest quota will be oversubscribed, and that quickly.

The average, charitably-inclined American is not likely to question seriously the good faith of an organization vouched for by people of such high standing in public life, nor even to ask himself the usual questions which naturally present themselves in connection with the activities of any organization engaged in soliciting funds for charitable purposes—what manner of organization is it? by whom organized? for what specific purpose? and what is its past record?

Those, however, who are curious and cautious enough to seek the correct answer to these questions may find the course of their inquiry leading into very strange channels. Many may be struck, as was the writer, by a certain similarity in the methods and declared aims of the organization with which we are particularly concerned and various other groups which have come to be rather generally known as Communist Front organizations.

Before proceeding with our observations on the Medical Bureau, it may be well to digress for a moment in order to trace, for the benefit of those who are not already informed, the genesis of that ubiquitous phenomenon, the Communist Front organization. To do this it is necessary to dip briefly into the history of the Third International. In 1935, George Dimitrov, Communist hero of the Reichstag Fire trial and newly appointed Pilot of the International (the Pilot has recently fallen overboard, that is, disappeared), announced to the assembled delegates of that body a momentous change in the Party line. Until further notice, the comrades of all countries were instructed to aban-

don the old revolutionary slogans and devote themselves to the formation of the Popular Front.

The comrades in America reacted to the new line in characteristic fashion. They immediately committed to memory the Gettysburg Address and the second verse of the *Star Spangled Banner*, got haircuts, pressed their trousers, and otherwise made the most radical departures from the best traditions of the Party. But the name, Communist, had fallen into such evil repute with the American masses that the change in policy did not bring with it the expected influx of new Party members.

The proletarians who had been repelled by the bewildering, Russianized jargon spoken by all good Communists during the former period were equally repelled by the idiom of old Ed Howe when it issued from the mouths of the Party orators. The American workers detected an unmistakable odor of wolf emanating from the newly donned sheepskin. Communist heads were put together in Moscow. Clearly, something else had to be done. If Little Star Spangled Riding Hood was to be enticed into the Communist cottage, Grandma Wolf must find a way to keep her teeth from flashing so brilliantly.

The comrades decided to revise and extend the old tactics of the Front organization—to create a whole herd of Trojan horses and loose them in the green pastures of bourgeois society. Various “innocents clubs” were quickly brought into being. Most of these were especially designed to attract the moral and financial support of timid, petit, bourgeois elements, and were built around specific issues known to be dear to the hearts of “Leftish” liberals. Characteristically, the comrades talked a great deal about the proletariat and, as usual, drew most of their support from the middle classes.

The Party members, of course, kept a tight rein on the finances and policies of their “innocents clubs.” In accordance with time-honored Communist custom, a healthy percentage of all funds collected was regularly diverted to the Party. The “innocents” were, fortunately, not over-inclined to investigate the financial affairs of their clubs. They much preferred to focus their attention on the broader and grander objectives, and allow the accommodating comrades to take care of the annoying details.

If an "innocent" did develop bourgeois curiosity about some sordid matter or other, it was usually not at all difficult to fan the spark of his indignation against Fascism into a blinding flame. In the rare case of an "innocent" persisting in a suspicious attitude, more drastic means would be employed. The whisper that X had succumbed to Fascist propaganda, or was actually a Hitler spy, would be bruited about. The idea that their operations were important enough to warrant the personal attention of the Nazi Fuehrer never failed to titillate everyone greatly, and witch hunts *à la Russe* quickly became a regular feature on the unofficial agendas of the "innocents clubs."

The comrades displayed considerable ingenuity in formulating attractive titles for their stooge organizations. The dictionaries were conned for the most respectable and patriotic words, and often they succeeded in incorporating three or four of the sort in a single title. All words that smacked of Red revolt were promptly expurgated from the titles of the already existent organizations, and highly democratized substitutes were installed. So rapidly were titles changed and created that the more dull-witted of the rank and file comrades experienced considerable difficulty in keeping abreast of the latest developments on the pink front.

To many observers, any sudden change in the title of an organization constituted a highly suspicious circumstance, particularly if it involved a drastic change from the revolutionary Third Period to the democratic Popular Front literary style. Thus, when the American League Against War and Fascism became the American League for Peace and Democracy, it tended to substantiate in the minds of many congenitally skeptical persons the often repeated charge that the organization was nothing more nor less than an extremely useful adjunct of the Communist Party.

Not until the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, however, did the lush crop of pink front organizations fructify to the fullest. The conflict fertilized a fungus growth of groups to aid Spanish democracy. Overnight they sprang up in every civilized community and flourished apace. During the period when defenders of Spanish Democracy were sprouting in every alley, an organization was formed which was fated to outlast almost all of its short-lived contemporaries. From its inception, the Medical Bureau and North American Committee was viewed askance by the hypercritical. Soured and embittered misanthropes thought they detected in the methods of the organization certain signs and portents which were more than coincidentally like the ones they had been wont to see in the familiar "innocents clubs."

The Medical Bureau had a special attraction for all those who were strongly desirous of concrete and definite immediate action against Fascism. At the outset, the organization displayed a verve and dash well calculated to overwhelm the emotional. A noisy publicity campaign was quickly launched. Ambulances were purchased, plastered with propaganda posters and driven through the streets of the larger cities. Loud speakers blared the story

of the Franco bombing of Loyalist towns and appealed for assistance in the work of mercy to be undertaken by the Medical Bureau.

Doctors, male and female nurses, and pre-medical students were recruited and organized into units, which were displayed to the sympathetic public at large theatres, public halls, etc. Under the stimulus of enthusiastic emotional oratory, the audiences usually responded with hearty financial support during the collection period, which was always an outstanding feature of the meetings. One by one, the units sailed for France with the plaudits of the anti-Fascist multitude ringing in their ears.

A noteworthy characteristic of the average Medical Bureau unit was the disproportionately high percentage of Communist Party members which it contained. In one particular unit, which the writer has good reason to believe typical, fourteen out of twenty-three persons were Communist Party members. To his certain knowledge and to the certain knowledge of others with whom he is in correspondence, these persons regularly attended Party membership meetings in Spain, and, as is well known to all Communists and ex-Communists, only members are allowed to attend such meetings.

A few men of considerable standing in the medical profession were induced to go to Spain. Their names were used freely in the colorful propaganda booklets issued in quantities by the Medical Bureau publicity department. Unaccustomed as they were to the Sovietized system of hospital management which prevailed in Spain, they often found the performance of their duties unusually trying there. That they were, however, extremely, although perhaps unwittingly, useful in a capacity other than that of healer can scarcely be doubted. The prominence of their names stimulated collections, and their undoubtedly good reputations served to lend a measure of respectability to a crew which some astute observers considered rather motley.

Of late, it has become more and more generally known in America that the defunct Loyalist government of Dr. Juan Negrin was in reality a Stalinist government. The army, the administrative posts, the unions were all under the direct control of Moscow. The people groaned under an iron yoke of terror clamped upon them by the harsh hands of the OGPU secret police, euphemistically called Political Commissars. These gentlemen were everywhere directing all operations in the approved Moscow way. The hospitals were no exception. In the American hospitals, as in the German, French, Spanish and others, Hippocrates was definitely second fiddle to Marx, with a Stalinist Political Commissar always acting as conductor of the often discordant symphony.

The Russian method of hospital management, as practised in Stalinist Spain, frequently startled Americans accustomed to our own prosaic way. It was somewhat difficult for doctors steeped in the outworn traditions of capitalist medicine to adjust their bourgeois mentalities to the peculiar Political Commissar system.

(To be continued)

THE ARMS OUTSTRETCHED THAT WOULD WELCOME THEM

Through winding ways she reached the home prepared

KATHERINE BURTON

NINE years ago I was received into the Catholic Church. By winding ways I had come to the threshold of the Church, first from the barren walks that harbored no faith at all; then from the cold little streets of philosophy; and I had strolled for a while in Anglican groves, but many of the trees there had come from Rome, I learned—and that lay far away.

Some six months before, I had gone to the rector of an Episcopalian parish in uptown New York and asked him what to do. I found it impossible to attend any longer the High Anglican Church to which I had belonged for some years, and yet I felt I had no right to go to Catholic services. Among the Episcopalians, I still felt very much at home; but it had become merely the feeling of being the member of a pleasant club. The matter of faith was troubling me as well as the question of Orders.

There had been many lesser things, too. I had gone to lectures on the Roman question and heard all about the Anglo-Catholic right to take what it wished of ancient practices, since the entire church had used these practices in its early days. But it was disheartening to learn elsewhere that Benediction, a weekly ceremony at my church, had been introduced some three hundred years before. And the Church was, certainly, not one three hundred years ago.

There was the matter of Bibles, too. I had decided to brush up on my Greek and began by reading the New Testament, helping my faltering translation with a copy of the Bible. I came across several things which did not agree, notably phrases in the verses on the Annunciation. Then I learned the trouble; I was using a King James version of the Bible, and the gentlemen who translated it apparently carried their private judgment into deciding where to shift the meaning a bit. Yet, my Episcopalian church used that Bible.

A friend had loaned me a book on the Catholic martyrs of England. She did it merely to show me there were other martyrs than the Protestants under Mary. But something rang truer about these Catholic martyrs. The Protestant group had died for king or country, or for a mistaken ideal. But these others, the Catholics, had died for something greater—to keep the Faith, the old true Faith and

not a new adaptation of it introduced for earthly reasons. I wondered where were the High Church people of that day in England who believed, as my High Church said it did, in a sacramental Faith. And suddenly it came to me that they were the ones who stayed with their church! Then the Anglicans, I thought, were perhaps only a lopped-off branch—and not a green growing one as they insisted.

About this time, the rector of my church resigned, became a Catholic, and went abroad to study with the intention of becoming a Catholic priest. The outcry that rose against him was not directed at the Roman Church, as I had expected, but at the one he had left. Even the small High Church groups were fighting each other. Was this any sort of unity at all? And while I was puzzling over this, I came across the story of Athanasius—the Bishop who held out for a single word, who let himself be driven from his See into exile, for the sake of a word in the Creed which he knew must stay there. Small as this last fact may seem for a modern, even though it be a mighty fact for the Church, it was the one which bothered me most and which landed me eventually at the rectory of a Catholic church.

Sensibly, the rector to whom I talked suggested I go to Catholic Masses for a while and wait to see if this were only a mental quirk or something to be answered by action. He told me that I might go occasionally to my old Anglican church, if I wanted to. The one thing he advised was that I did not stop church going altogether, and he gave me a copy of Newman's *Difficulties of Anglicans*.

Within a month I was sure of what I meant to do, and in a few more, I was ready to enter the Catholic Church. I stood waiting my reception, on that September 8, the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity—and I was still *not* sure that I was *not* taking a wrong step, still wanting often to be back in the home from which I had deliberately walked out and from which voices were still calling me to return. I knew no Catholics at all, and the rector told me that he would find someone to act as my sponsor. I stood there in the House of God, a strange house to me, and I was still half nostalgic for the shelter of that other church. I stood beside

a woman I had never seen before, and I waited. The long beautiful rites of Baptism passed over my head rather than into it. I remember only thinking how important the soul must be if all this trouble was taken for a single one.

Not until later, when my godmother and I were kneeling in a front pew in the beautiful church, did I become aware of my surroundings and looked at the paintings across the front of the church, four great panels depicting the great events in Our Lady's life. On the right the Nativity, with Our Lord a wee, aureoled Baby; on the left, the Crucifixion, Our Lord a broken painshadowed man. The panels between showed Our Lady alone—one the girl listening to Heaven's message to her, the other the woman entering that Heaven. I felt a kinship with her for I felt alone, too. And then I thought how she was not alone there at all, for between the two pictures was her Son throned in His tabernacle. As He existed before He came to her, so He existed there still. He came to her and left her—yet there He was still abiding, between the portrayal of the Annunciation and the Nativity. Before her beginning and beyond her ending, He enclosed her alpha and omega with His everlastingness.

I looked at Our Lady again in each picture—the young girl accepting the gift to the world from God, the woman accepting the gift of Heaven itself. The young mother with her blue cloak happily wrapping her Baby and the worn woman who must remember and hold in her heart what she could no longer see with her eyes. I thought how she was in that last picture ascending to God who gave her the world's wish and who was waiting to give her the world's fulfilment, and how I, too, had a small share in that now. I prayed small prayers to her as I waited for the Mass to begin. And I looked at her with deep affection, for in a way she was my sponsor, too, since I had taken her name in Baptism as my own.

But the feeling of being a stranger still troubled me. And just then the woman kneeling beside me, who also, apparently, thought that single souls were important, since she, an extremely busy person, had come here at seven in the morning to help one in its progress, put her hand on my arm and directed my eyes to the altar of the Sacred Heart before us. I saw that what she wanted me to see was the marble statue of Our Lord. And I saw that His arms were outstretched as if in welcome.

It was this which made me know I was at home. An uncertain guest, I had stood at the threshold, wondering whether to go in and wondering whether I was really wanted inside. They had all been helping me to know it for my home—the rector, the nun in purple and black who let me talk to her so many times, the woman beside me—and now here was the Owner of the House, standing at His own rooftop welcoming me in.

From that moment I knew no doubts, and I have known none since. After all, if one is born in a certain house and there are witnesses to attest the matter, there can be no doubts of one's birthplace. And so with me, for in that House I was born.

That was nine years ago and the adopted child has remained adopted and is almost forgetting she ever was adopted. Difficulties have beset my path but never the difficulty of doubt. As a matter of fact, there is only one difference that separates the Catholic and everyone else as far as religious difficulties go. Here, too, as elsewhere brothers quarrel and disagree. The lover of liturgical beauty and art is often bitter at a tawdry art which others love; there are many who cannot understand why others prefer to sing commonplace hymns when there is so great a store of poetry to draw on; there are some who are too often conscious of their nationalities; there are some who see too much the side of the rich, and others who see too much the side of the poor. All such things are in every religious group. But above all Catholic disputes, there is a unity of doctrine and belief. They are the only ones who have learned how vast and free is the world for him who is obedient to the law of the Church which was Our Lord's gift to His people. They have kept as their keystone of Faith this gift which the others cast away.

Years ago, there were three Catholic women with whom I used, at various times, to argue religious questions. One was a riding teacher who had once been a famous circus rider; one was a woman of the world who later married a French title; and one was a girl I met at college, whose father was a Socialist and whose mother was a staunch Catholic. The one thing that had irritated me about all these three was the fact that they all had a very annoying habit in common. They were ready to talk on doctrine and on religion; but at a certain point, they all stopped and I could never get any of them to argue beyond that point. I thought it sheer bigotry then and a sort of ignorant fear which their narrow religion had loaded them with. I know now that it was simply that there was no argument to prove or disprove. They had a Fact—an actuality. On that point there was nothing to argue about.

I have watched, during these later years of mine as a Catholic, those of my Anglican friends who still remain in that sect. They are happy because they have a "cause," and after all, one can fight as joyously for a mistake as for a truth, if one's heart is in it. But there is a sadness to me about it, when I realize they are "falling to a voice that is not calling."

Not all of them are entirely happy, either. More than once I have come across them kneeling in the Catholic Cathedral, sometimes even before the shrine of the Sacred Heart and I have wondered how it is that they, who obviously come here because their own church fails to give them something they find here, cannot come here completely and for all time. If once they could see that it is wilfulness and not martyrdom which animates them, they would come to the Church, not alone to pray there but to live there.

What I pray for them to see is what my godmother showed me nine years ago on Our Lady's birthday: the arms of her Son outstretched to welcome them home.

THE YOUTHS WALKED OUT WHEN THE CONGRESS WENT RED

Their resolution against Communism was roared down

JOSEPH A. MAHONEY

WE had been secretly convinced for a long time, but true to our American way and filled with student-like inquisitiveness, we decided to prove it to everyone. So, what better opportunity could have been afforded us to expose the American Youth Congress as a Red organization than to attend the meeting in New York's Manhattan Center.

Perhaps the element of excitement entered into our job; but somehow or other, we were really glad to step up, pay our registration fee and become a part—though an incongruous one—of the American Youth Congress. After all, if the American people were laboring under the illusion that the American Youth Congress, composed of many youth organizations, was an American one, they should be told the truth. Just how American and how representative is it?

To start the ball rolling we entered into two panel discussions, namely, Interfaith and Interracial; Politics and Government. If any of the discussions in progress were capable of receiving a resolution on Communism, these were the most suitable. Very solemnly one of our members read the following resolution:

Resolved: That the American Youth Congress condemns Communism because it is opposed to the principles of a belief in God, the inviolability of human rights, private ownership of property, internal peace, and that it is the duty of society to cooperate to obtain these objectives; and further be it resolved that the American Youth Congress condemns Communism, Nazism, and Fascism which are viciously opposed to these principles of American Democracy; that while those groups which foster Communism, Nazism and Fascism are entitled to a free expression of their ideas under our Bill of Rights, they have no place whatsoever in the American Youth Congress. That their very presence is a negation of the fundamental doctrines underlying any convention of American Youth, which seeks a constructive and not a destructive solution to economic and social problems besetting the Nation.

Discussion on this resolution quickly tipped the boiling point. And to cut off further debate and delay, the resolution was pushed to Committee, because many members could not express belief in God. Now, giving the Congress the benefit of a doubt (and what a doubt!) that the statement was true, we could not see any reason for such action on the part of those present. Yet, a small flicker of

hope still burned. Perhaps the Senators, representing National organizations, would see the necessity and profundity of our resolution; perhaps they would see what the others were unable or unwilling to see. But night put an end to that flicker and our "perhaps" faded away. For a staggering 10-1 vote smashed the resolution into little pieces.

Monday morning came, and with it renewed hope and a revised resolution. The enthusiasm ran high as the delegates jammed in for the plenary session. A band or two, some brightly colored uniforms and a football might well have been the order of the day rather than an impending serious vote. But getting back to the revision, one of our group proposed the following:

Resolved: That the American Youth Congress condemn Communism because it is opposed to the principles of a belief in God, the inviolability of human rights, private ownership of property, internal peace; and further be it resolved that we condemn Nazism and Fascism which are likewise opposed to these principles of American Democracy.

Now here is a resolution that any person who is really honest about his belief in true democracy could subscribe to. There is nothing offensive or humiliating; there is nothing in it contrary to the tenets of Americanism; rather it resembles a line of our own Declaration of Independence. The vote was approaching.

Silence fell over the hall as the chair allowed one delegate to speak for each side on the resolution. The Communist pleaded for tolerance towards Communism. The anti-Communist speaker demanded that the Congress clear up the idea in the minds of thousands that the Congress is Communistically inclined. The latter speaker was accused not only of being anti-Semitic but of being a Jew-baiter.

Incoherent babbling replaced the silence as the chair called for a vote. Really we were glad to be present that day. The whole situation had a strange effect. To say that it was dramatic is but to utter a truism. "Those in favor of the resolution signify by saying 'aye'." Some twenty-three voices signified. "Those opposed"—a roar that practically shook the building. The American Youth Congress had unequivocally, knowingly, daringly signed itself as Atheistic and Communistic.

Just try to picture that scene. Hundreds of young American people are gathered to help in youthful progress. They know the story of Communism, they know what it means in its every detail. They realize that Communism is essentially materialistic and atheistic, that it is the advocate of "Proletarian Internationalism." Yet, they refuse to condemn it.

The one point uppermost in our minds is how can such an organization even pose under the guise of Americanism? How can it pretend to safeguard democracy, freedom of religion and all that America means, when it flatly refuses to adopt a resolution that stands for American teaching? If ignorance is at the bottom of the solution, then it is sad. But if knowledge of all that Communism prescribes is the basis, then it is diabolical and hypocritical.

We know, of course, that a number of the groups represented are not at all Communistic; that they would have none of it. We know, too, that some are blind, little babies, as it were, who go about grabbing after dynamite wrapped in sparkling paper. We know, *also*, that some are acting to carry forth the warped desire of a Russian dictator who seeks to provoke a revolution in America and to cause here a replica of Spain.

And look what happened. Clever? We do not think so. Shrewd, hypocritical? Yes.

After considering what they had done and after seeing the publicity in the daily press, the "masterminds" of the group held a little consultation. Something just had to be done. After all, in their enthusiasm for the defense of Communism, the boys and girls had put themselves in a particularly unfavorable light. Arguing more vehemently than ever that they were the defenders of democracy, the youths decided on a resolution; a resolution that, perhaps, would quell the upheaval that spread through the country; a resolution that would sate the decent public opinion. It is typical of such groups to attempt to fight their way from a bad corner by use of subterfuge and trickery. But it is obvious that the movement was one of defense rather than one of condemnation of Communism.

Here is the resolution that was presented to the Congress on the Birthday of Our Nation's Independence. Here is the little masterpiece that received overwhelming approval:

Be it Resolved that this Congress of Youth record its opposition to all forms of Dictatorship, regardless of whether they be Communist, Fascist, Nazi or any other type, or bear any other name. . . .

That this Congress be open in all its activities and its gatherings to all persons regardless of race, creed, religion, or political label who are willing to abide by the principles of democratic procedure.

Arguing that Communism is the greatest of democracies and not essentially dictatorial, our young friends tried to put over a resolution that would sound something like the rejected one. At least the words "its opposition to" were in the resolution as was the word "dictatorship." But the resolution, was still far from expressing the content and meaning of the previous and rejected one. We see quite evidently that the Communist dictators are rejected, but Communism itself is not rejected.

All forms of dictatorship are supposedly foreign to the ideas of the American Youth Congress. Yet, Communism with all its hatred of God and things religious and its materialistic philosophy was not condemned or rejected. By such action the American Youth Congress did not repudiate Communism; it did not change its point of view from that of the previous day when our resolution was so quickly roared down. Even the Young Communist League itself went on record as approving the resolution against dictatorships.

We saw the Congress from the inside. We sat side by side with these young people from all over the country. We were cognizant of a boring from within by some who could not possibly have the benefit of the Congress in mind. And the sad part about the entire affair was to see the organizations represented at the Congress. The Y.W.C.A., the Boy Scouts, Democratic and Republican Clubs and the American Student Union found prominent places on the roster. Surely not all of these organizations are Communistic; but they are definitely in the wrong company.

From the American Youth Congress we learned a lesson. The lesson was too real ever to be forgotten. We found some fifteen hundred young people from various groups and organizations studying the problems of the country. The problems were many and difficult—so difficult as to strain the greatest minds. Yet with the vigor and enthusiasm of youth these young people took a chance. Perhaps it was courageous of them for the most part; but it was also tragic. They sought after progress for themselves and yet they refused to throw aside the weapon most detrimental to that progress. They studied interfaith and interracial questions, but tenaciously held to the philosophy of the Godless. It is all a huge contradiction.

American Youth, we are sure, cannot be so easily deluded. That fraction of the youth which attended that convention speaks, of course, for some—for the mistaken. Poor kids, they keep the word "democracy" constantly on their lips and try to humanize an abstraction. Freedom of religion and worship of God are too much a part of the fiber of our civilization to admit of any mediocrity, regardless of its source. Public opinion will demand an explanation; the letters of protest from the New York State Legislature and New York City Council will become mandates of the people in general.

We shall stroll away from the American Youth Congress now and leave it all to itself. We shall let the first resolution of Americanism and belief in God haunt the halls of the Manhattan Center; we shall leave the delegates to the solitude of their consciences; we shall hope that they begin to find in a short time what years must bring—the knowledge of the purpose of Communism—Communism as it is stripped of its flagwaving for democracy.

The American Youth Congress will not convene for another while. It has told its story to everyone who wanted to listen: it would not accept a resolution in which Atheistic Communism was mentioned by name, but it would accept the resolution merely condemning dictatorships.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA NEEDS A MORE SECURE BASIS

Anchor liberalism on the Declaration of Independence

WILLIAM J. BENN

HE would be a brave spirit who would venture captious criticism of America today in the teeth of the amenities practised in the dictatorships of Europe. Even the unhesitating foreigner, emboldened by the American air to point to our foibles and shortcomings, is silenced in the face of the totalitarian record. Democracy, as it is in the United States, may be a convenient target for radical critics who have not yet learned our language; yet, withal, America is a good place in which to live. It is amusing to watch the European squirm and squeeze when you relate some of the blessings enjoyed under the benevolent protection of your Uncle Sam.

The American Constitution needs no eulogy of mine. Extreme attempts are rarely successful, whatever direction they take. The amalgam that left the hands of the Constitutional Convention represented concession, compromise and a balancing. America in its governmental structure is, perhaps, better than Americans; certainly, better than the Americans of today and perhaps of the days of its molding. A complete popular reversal that would undo by amendments the Bill of Rights is remote and unlikely. Judged from a Christian standpoint, it adopts no Christian scheme, yet it runs counter to the dictates of reason and Divine law in no important point. There are extravaganzas of liberty of speech and assembly, perhaps, more in their interpretation than in their formulation. The other conflicts that remain possible between the Church and State derive from a non-Christian attitude and its consequences. On this score, a conflict is always possible; and under the variety of changes to which a democracy is subject, more or less probable.

Catholic Americans who have passed through the reverses and disillusionment of the last quarter of a century are apt to be more realistic than the spokesmen of an earlier day who loudly extolled the glories of American democracy and saw its consonance with Catholicism somewhat on the roseate side. Yet withal, his brother co-religionist today is not a whit the lesser patriot. America remains in the broad sense a land of freedom and opportunity where the Christian can serve his God without dreading State oppression and perform his civic duties without infringing on his conscience.

There is, however, one illogicality which grows apace with all the rancid lushness of weeds. Affecting the American mind on many fronts, it is liable ultimately to contravene the best interests of the country. It may be briefly described as the primacy of liberty. Its profession, enunciation and laudation encounter you from press, rostrum, screen and pulpit. It is the first and most enduring lesson of our educators, the Magna Charta of our rights, the common religion of our rabble as well as of our few. With the advent of the economic depression, and a clash or choice between freedom and economic security offered as alternatives, the men who so highly prized material goods and a high standard of living were ready to sacrifice these, or at least to run the risk of their loss, rather than suffer a curtailment of their vaunted freedom.

It is not easy for one versed in the exactitude and precision of distinction characteristic of traditional philosophy to grow too carping here, for, in order to refute, he has to meet his opponents in argument on a common ground of understanding. No one acquainted with American education, especially as regards education in philosophy, will need to be told how differently the same terms are used in the two systems. A good deal of the opposition vanishes when definition and distinction have their say; yet, on the main ground there remains a rock of division that cannot under any circumstance be overlooked.

It would be useless to search the origins of this predilection for liberty in the precedence and clash of values; to search for the historical, social, psychological and other factors that may have contributed to this assumption of the primacy of liberty in the minds and philosophy of Americans. It is more urgent to show its shallowness as well as its attendant dangers.

Liberty as it is usually applied here in its sense of immunity from subjection, domination, tyranny, injustice of whatever nature, cannot be a primal thing. The mere assertion of the fact of liberty is no adequate justification for it. There were those who, in the days of the Blue Eagle, cried "no" when many other citizens of a sovereign state felt that whatever encroachments were made were well within the civil powers of government. And it will

hardly be contested that many professions of violated liberties find no justification from reason.

Unless there is a certain curtailment of liberty, chaos and confusion run rampant. There is not so much difference here on the fact as on the principles involved and the manner of approach. While the modern writer will assert that an accommodation and compromise between our liberties and our neighbors' just claims should be made, the philosopher will assume a more ontological base by asserting that the moral order, which objectively is the law, demands a restriction on our personal liberty. And if it be said that it is only an immunity from tyranny and undue restriction that is the enemy, it should be said at once that all curtailment of liberty is, to a degree, a restriction and a mild tyranny.

Personality is the basis of man's independence over the brute creation and calls for an equality of treatment from his fellows to the extent that none of his actual rights are transgressed or his dignity as a person violated. Man's dignity as a child of God, under the present supernatural dispensation, adds new sanctions to their transgression. Tracing the notion of liberty to its metaphysical foundation, we find it rooted in man's spiritual nature as a being endowed with the spiritual faculties of intellect and will. You are, philosophically speaking, using an empty jargon when you prate of any form of liberty unless you concede man's spiritual endowment, glibly and obtrusively as your materialist and atheist shout their liberalism and democracy from the house tops. Even in God, where liberty is found with the infinite perfection of its source, His super-excellent liberty is founded on the perfection of His Divine Nature which the Divine Will loves not freely but necessarily. Liberty hangs in mid air, as weak as a gossamer strand, unless it itself is anchored on a solid foundation.

To take liberalism in the sense of the accumulated liberties so natural to the American, and to treat it as an absolute without distinction, limitation or qualification, is to erect a snow man that will melt before the breath of a new-born baby. I lately put up to a companion the anomaly of our citizens running so naturally to legal prohibitions and taboos despite our vociferous protestations of liberty of speech, assembly and the rest. His reply was at once a surprise and a revelation. "The American," said he, "has no philosophy back of all his protestations. It is in his blood to proclaim independence; our swaddling clothes were the rebel's; we grew to the music of our second-to-none attitude; but we never take the trouble to examine our conscience on the foundations, implications and consequences of our professions. We speak of the American way of life: its expression will consist of so many unproved statements of what we judge should be the boasted heritage of each American." Metaphysics is in bad odor in our United States. It may be that we have been too busy formulating our American way to find time for some attention to fundamentals.

So confused have the conceptions of modern man vaunting his ignorance of metaphysics become that

liberalism and democracy are not only on all lips but are generally taken as synonyms. For these people it is one and the same thing to ask what is the basis of liberalism as to inquire into the cornerstone of democracy. The latter word, like liberty, calls for a little definition and distinguishing which it never gets from the hand of your modernist writer or speaker. To give the answer as a recent writer did, placing it in the right of peaceable argument, of reasonable discussion, is not only naive oversimplification; it is forthright stultification. To rest the case of liberalism, in the orthodox acceptance of the term, on the mere right of argument is to give the case away.

If such be the basis of democracy, then the citizen of the democratic state may well tremble before the totalitarian aggressor. The belief that, if you have a case, you can sit at a table with other men or stand up before them and attempt to convince them by logic may be productive of debating skill but will stop no bullets of the dictator. And the consolation of being protected in your point of view so long as this is not immediately and violently anti-social is either a moving of ground from the first stand or else an empty consolation. Why is your view social or why should it be so judged, if the cornerstone of your liberalism or democracy is the right of peaceful argument?

Society, in addition to securing an orderly life for all, should help each individual in a positive way to secure that freedom of expansion which will chiefly consist in the flowering of the rational and moral life in man. There is a measure of independence proper to a human being which in organized society should be insured by economical guarantees, political and civil rights. An efficient government administration, whether democratic or other, should normally be capable of providing the opportunities and necessities for a due expansion of the individual as well as for the security of the commonweal without the exercise of heroism by its citizens.

Communism enslaves the individual by making him an economic serf, a mere economic cog in the emancipated collectivity. It calls for heroism by reason of its emptiness and its unnaturalness, but it gives no motive or reason for the exercise of heroism. Fascism confers a mystical supremacy on the State based on false, shadowy theories of purity of race, blood or history. A true, solid liberalism that, because native to man, can endure is founded on man's spiritual nature, not neglecting his supernatural condition of Christian citizenry as child of God. It is only such a conception that meets all the facts of man's condition, his actual exigencies, his utmost desires—which affords a fully proportionate, unlimited expansion of his personality. When the artificial, unnatural theories of Communism and Fascism fail by reason of their unreality, whether by denying man's spiritual nature or God's existence and rights, this will still hold sway. It were much to be desired that our American democracy had incorporated the only hopeful pattern of life into what it proudly proclaims the American Way.

A FATEFUL INCIDENT

THE FATE of nations, even of entire civilizations, has often hung from a slender thread of circumstance. Perhaps no truer exemplification of this fact exists than an occurrence which took place in July, three years ago. An Englishman, Major Hugh Pollard, landed at Palma in the Canary Islands, ostensibly on a pleasure cruise in an airplane. That plane was to play an historic part in the final result of the Spanish Civil War, inasmuch as its actual purpose was to convey General Francisco Franco from Palma to Morocco where the Nationalist counter-revolution against the Communist domination was to have its inception on July 17. Had Franco failed to take off on that memorable flight, we shudder to think what the outcome might have been for Spain, for France, perhaps even for western civilization.

The Civil War in Spain is over, and from the most reliable sources we learn that the country is striving with all her power to effect unity, justice, freedom and peace at home and good fellowship with her neighbors. July 18 has been proclaimed and, for the first time, observed this year as a national holiday in commemoration of the inauguration of a movement which presages a new social and economic era for Spain.

Journalists and commentators of Spanish affairs continue to spread alarming rumors of internal dissension at home and Fascist alliance abroad. They had been predicting such an outcome throughout the period of the war in the event of a Nationalist final victory. It was to be expected that the persons who contributed so damagingly to the false impressions created in the minds of the general public in this country should continue their policy of arousing mistrust in and, even, antagonism to the Spanish Government. It was hardly possible that the deluge of lying propaganda from Madrid, Barcelona and Paris during the war should suddenly cease with the riotous flight of the Communist hordes across the Pyrenees. The same lying menace is at work even now in a whispering campaign that filters into the press from foreign sources.

There are huge problems facing Nationalist Spain, as is to be expected after a civil war of such magnitude. The wounds of our own Civil War were not healed in a day or a month or a year. Neither can Spain solve her difficulties in any short time.

But we prefer to put our trust in General Franco. If the past is a guarantee of one's future actions, then Franco's past performances, accomplishments and fulfilment of pledges is a safe gauge. When he reassures the world, as he did no more recently than a few days ago, that his Government is not and will not be controlled by either Italy or Germany; that Spain will endeavor to remain neutral in the event of war, provided her territory, honor and vital interests are not molested; that she will use every effort to maintain peace, anyone acquainted with the *caballero* character of a Spanish gentleman realizes that Franco knows what he is saying and that his word is his bond.

EDIT

THE DANGER OF WAR

ACCORDING to President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull, there is grave danger of another war-breeding crisis in Europe, or in the Orient, sometime during the summer. According to Senator Borah and the Senatorial opposition leaders, the threat of war is neither so grave nor so imminent that this country should be too much disturbed. The Administration has facts not disclosed to the Senators, and having facts has greater fears, and having fears may have jitters. That, however, is a better state of mind than the Senatorial jauntiness in assuming that there will be no war.

YOU CANNOT STRIKE

INQUIRY should be pushed into the origins of the so-called strike of the workers on the WPA projects. As defined in these columns last week, these "strikes" could be defended as nothing more than protests of the workers against legislation duly passed by their representatives in Congress. Rightly did President Roosevelt, following the decision of Attorney-General Murphy, declare that "you cannot strike against the Government." Workers and voters may, in peaceful ways, express their dissent against legislation and government-application of existing laws, may hold their demonstrations and may, in such a case as this, refuse to take advantage of the jobs offered to them. They cannot, rightfully, "strike" against such economic enactments.

According to Bruce Catton, NEA Staff Correspondent in Washington, both the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. leaders "were asleep at the switch" during the Spring. The appropriation bill for the WPA carried the objectionable provisions that went into effect on July 1. Hearings were held in both the House and the Senate during June. Yet only one representative of the C.I.O. appeared to state, as it were, perfunctorily, the case of the WPA workers.

Since the unions watch the trend of legislation like "supercritical hawks," the Senate and Congress committeemen judged that the provisions were not very controversial, that the labor organizations were indifferent to the changes in the prevailing wage-rule and the other drastic provisions that will take effect

IN CASE OF WAR

THE Senate, having refused to consider legislation on neutrality during the present session, leaves the country in an anomalous state. Should war break out in any of the major countries before January, it would be necessary for Congress to convene immediately. And emergency legislation would have to be passed hastily. Far better would it be to be prepared. Far worse would it be, however, to jam through the legislation now favored by the Administration. Presented as a means of keeping us out of war, it has elements in it that would seem to force us into a war alliance.

STRIKE AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT

on September 1. The proper time for protest was in June, and the proper place was the committee-room in Washington. The law having been passed, there could be no discretion on the part of the directors of the WPA as to its application. Nor will they be free to interfere with the execution of the laws concerning the thirty-day payless holiday for those who have been on the WPA books for eighteen months, nor with the abolition of wage differentials between the northern and southern sections.

The WPA "strike" was called suddenly and very rapidly developed. In a comparatively brief time it withered away. The protests and the stoppage and other demonstrations will probably be continued for months to come. The agitation will be artificially stimulated. The spirit of dissatisfaction and unrest will spurt out on diverse occasions. There will be confusion about the re-hiring of the workers. In a word, the ill-advised and badly timed flare-up will tend to unsettle economic conditions.

For a few days, the "strike" had the look of being a nasty and a dangerous outbreak. It may be judged as an example of what might be, under better planning and with more reckless leaders. Suspicion has fallen on Communist agitators and information is being currently sought by Congressional investigators. This inquiry should be exhaustive. The country would like to know, conclusively, how this experimental "strike" was engineered, and how deeply involved in it were the Communist strategists who are ever alert to promote social warfare.

NO AUTOMATIC EMBARGO

THE interventionist newspapers are complaining bitterly. The internationalist orators are roaring into the microphones. And all over one thing—the "absolute and automatic embargo" in our present neutrality law. The moment hostilities begin in Europe, they complain, this country, "the natural ally of the great democracies," must stop all shipments of arms, ammunition and implements of war.

Hence this Review calls its readers' attention to a simple but astonishing fact. Our neutrality law, as it stands today, does not embody an automatic embargo.

True, Section One of the Act provides clearly that it shall be unlawful to export arms and munitions to the belligerents. But this embargo is contained in a contingent clause, and it would operate only if a previous condition were fulfilled. That condition, written into the same section, reads thus: "Whenever the President shall find that there exists a state of war between, or among, two or more foreign states, the President shall proclaim such fact, and it shall *thereafter* be unlawful, etc."

In other words, the Neutrality Act confers complete discretion upon the President in the matter of an embargo. For the President is in no way compelled to find that a state of foreign war exists—even though the news reels may show great cities being bombed from the air. With complete legality, and whether his reasons are good, bad or indifferent, the President may shut his eyes to realities and deliberately refuse to recognize the fact of foreign war.

Suppose, then, that hostilities began next month. And suppose that the President preserved an official silence. What would our situation be? How would our present Neutrality Act apply?

This would be the situation: American manufacturers could export unlimited supplies of guns, shells, military planes, tanks, rifles and every other kind of lethal weapon. Moreover, without interference by this Government, they could sell these goods on credit. American ships, manned by American seamen, could carry these goods to Europe.

Since the navies of the great democracies control the seas, this unrestricted supply of American goods would obviously be of advantage to England and France. And only if and when the President chose to find and proclaim the war would the sale of arms, ammunition and implements be embargoed.

Well then, in the event of European hostilities would President Roosevelt deliberately take advantage of the discretion allowed him by the Neutrality Act? Would he be bold enough to close his eyes to the realities and refrain from a proclamation?

There are many people in this country who believe that he would.

Once more, then, this Review urges that, when the question of neutrality revision comes before Congress, the legislators adopt a clause giving Congress power equal to and independent of the President's to proclaim foreign war.

SAN FRANCISCO'S THIRD BRIDGE

THE trial of Harry Bridges in San Francisco promises to be one of the hardest-fought campaigns of his embattled career. His stay in or ejection from the country awaits the outcome, for the Australian-born labor leader or labor agitator—depending on what side of the fence one sits—is at last facing deportation proceedings.

If one is to judge from his own public statements, Bridges is a believer in Marxism and an advocate of the class struggle. To date, however, no evidence seems to have been produced that can link him conclusively with the Communist party. According to Referee Dean Landis, the issue is whether the defendant is and was a member of the party, and whether that party advocates the overthrow of our American Government by subversive means. Sufficient evidence can be cited to indicate that Bridges is a "fellow traveler," particularly from his association and cooperation with Communist groups in various organization attempts. Whether he followed Communist direction in this work or the Communists followed his leadership, is difficult to determine. There can be no gainsaying the fact that Communists all over the country have hailed him as one of *their* leaders, though sometimes a recalcitrant one. To say the least, he has been an instigator of class struggle.

Sufficient evidence points to the fact that Bridges' leadership on the waterfront has not been a boon to labor or to San Francisco itself. The constantly recurrent disturbances along the docks have been responsible in great part for the withdrawal of invested interests. Ships tied up for months on end in port are a heavy liability on operators. The result, after the two major tie-ups in recent years, has been that many shipping companies are steering clear of the Golden Gate port.

The visitor to San Francisco, who knew the city in the heyday of its shipping activity, is amazed and deeply concerned with the long line of docks, almost vacant of shipping. The City of the Golden Gate once boasted of being the "Gateway to the Orient." Today, it would seem that it is but a shadow of its former glory, and needless to say, San Francisco's importance lies in its shipping industry. With its fading importance, its former prosperity is fast waning. Such a condition is reflected necessarily in the pay checks of the workers.

From the trial of Harry Bridges as reported to date as well as from the investigations of the Dies Committee, one appalling fact forces itself upon our notice: Communists, in general, are not reliable witnesses in a court of justice. All evidence seems to indicate that it is considered part of good Communist ethics to lie when on the witness stand, if the truth would be damaging to the interests of the Party. When questioned by competent authority, the witness may deny his affiliation, which automatically ceases when questioned by the court. From such evasive procedure, it would seem a mere formality for Harry Bridges, if he were a member, to deny any present connection to avoid sentence of deportation.

THE UNHEEDED CALL

AS Jesus Christ was Divine and truly God, so He was human and truly man. He allowed Himself to take part in innocent festivities, as at the Wedding Feast at Cana, and He permitted His Sacred Humanity to feel and to express grief. He was moved with pity when He saw the sorrowing mother of the young man carried out of Naim to his grave, and it is recorded that He wept when with Mary and Martha He stood before the tomb of His friend, Lazarus. There were times, too, when, as Peter knew, He could rebuke sternly, and when His enemies fell back before His glance. He was God, but God Incarnate, like unto us in all things, as Saint Paul writes in the Epistle to the Hebrews, sin excepted.

In the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke, xix, 41-47), Our Lord is represented first as overcome with sorrow, and then as rising up, filled with a holy anger. As He drew near to Jerusalem, He paused to gaze upon the beautiful city before Him. The Holy City was in the hands of the Romans, but not even the presence of an enemy to whom the Jews were a subject people and their religion an object of contempt, could take away the essential glory and preeminence of Jerusalem. Yet as Our Lord gazed, He foresaw that within a few years the city would be leveled, so that not a stone would remain upon a stone. "If thou also hadst known," wept Jesus, "and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace: but now they are hidden from thy eyes."

Jesus had come to save His people. But they rejected Him, and Jerusalem was even now preparing to crucify Him. Often had He appealed to Jerusalem, but it preferred lying prophets, and in the end would prefer before Him a criminal condemned for robbery and murder. He could do no more, for Jerusalem would not listen. Rejecting Him, it laid itself open to its enemies and suffered a terrible fate.

In Jerusalem we have a type, as spiritual writers observe, of the soul to whom Our Lord appeals in vain. Every day and every moment of the day, He calls to us by His Grace. To some His call is to repentance; to others it is a call to "go up higher." How often He appeals in vain! We are occupied with trifles or with sin, and even when He draws near and knocks at the door of our hearts, we do not open to Him. May the day never come when, like Jerusalem of old, we are left to our enemies, because we refused to know the things that are to our peace. For our fate will be worse than the fate of Jerusalem.

The last verses of this Gospel show Our Lord casting the buyers and sellers from the Temple. The Temple was a holy place, blessed by God's especial presence, and it was "a house of prayer." Infinitely holier than the Temple is the humblest chapel in which the Most Blessed Sacrament is reserved in the tabernacle. Angels bow before it in praise and adoration. Do we always follow their example, or is our conduct akin to that of the buyers and sellers in the Temple?

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. Following up his calling of the Inter-Governmental Committee on Refugees at Evian last summer, President Roosevelt invited leading members of the Committee to confer with him in Washington in September concerning help for refugees from Germany. More than thirty nations are represented on the Committee. Great Britain proposed that the Governments represented contribute to the refugee fund. . . . Jesse H. Jones resigned as head of the RFC to become chief of the new Federal Loan Agency erected under the Reorganization Law. Emil Schram became chairman of the RFC. . . . The Federal Communications Commission suspended its recently announced curb on international broadcasts "pending an opportunity to hear and consider the evidence." The National Association of Broadcasters declared the curb involved censorship. . . . The Broadcasters Association, though grateful that the FCC extended the station license period from six months to one year, declared it would continue its campaign for a three-year license. . . . The Administration won sixty-four percent of its cases before the Supreme Court last term, Solicitor General Jackson disclosed. . . . President Roosevelt, in a special message, asked Congress to drop the compulsory arms embargo from the Neutrality Act. Mr. Roosevelt, in a follow-up move, invited Republican Senate leaders and Democratic chiefs to the White House, where he and Secretary Hull urged Senate action on neutrality legislation. The President was informed he could not get action at this session. When Mr. Roosevelt declared the responsibility would rest with the Senate, Senator Borah replied the Senate took orders only from the people, that the United States was "not operating under a Hitler." President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull spoke at length of confidential reports painting a dark international picture. Declaring he had his own sources of information, Senator Borah questioned the accuracy of the confidential reports. Said Vice President Garner to the President: "You haven't got the votes, cap'n."

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WASHINGTON. Senator Vandenberg introduced a resolution into the Senate calling on the United States to give Japan six months' notice of abrogation of the 1911 treaty. The resolution requests that the Brussels Conference be reconvened to decide whether Japan has violated the Nine Power Treaty of 1922. . . . The Temporary National Economic (Monopoly) Committee issued its preliminary report urging legislation revising the patent and anti-trust laws. The proposed legislation would forbid use of patents in restraint of trade; would prohibit also one corporation from acquiring assets and stocks of a competing corporation. It would allow the Federal Government to bring suit for

heavy civil damages against corporations violating the anti-trust laws. . . . Referring to the strike on WPA in protest against the new law requiring 130 hours a month work, President Roosevelt declared: "You cannot strike against the Government." Riots between WPA pickets and police in Minneapolis resulted in the death of two men, one a policeman, and in injuries to scores of others. In most sections of the country, the WPA strike gradually waned. WPA protestors staged mass demonstrations against the dismissal of workers on the rolls eighteen months or longer, who must be dropped under the new law to make room for home relief clients. One such protest gathering was called by the Workers Alliance and WPA Teachers Union in New York. Seeking a link between the Communist party and the demonstrations, Congressional investigators demanded a full list of participants.

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THE CONGRESS. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee requested from Secretary Hull an opinion on whether a war-materials embargo against Japan would violate the 1911 amity and commerce treaty with that nation. . . . A bill to ban "block booking" in the motion-picture industry was passed by the Senate, sent to the House for consideration. In the past, the House has on two occasions refused to approve similar measures. . . . The House declined to consider bills granting additional funds to the New York and San Francisco Fairs. . . . A section of the Civil Service Retirement Act, which would have provided pensions for retired members of Congress, was defeated by the House. . . . A Senate-approved bill to establish the Roosevelt Library containing the Roosevelt State papers at Hyde Park was passed by the House. . . . The Senate Hatch bill banning political activity by Federal employes and forbidding political exploitation of relief workers was softened by the House Judiciary Committee. Representative Dempsey announced he would offer amendments restoring the Hatch measure's teeth. These amendments, if accepted, would prevent Federal officeholders from pledging delegates for the national political conventions. . . . The proposed Barden amendments exempting certain classes of persons from the provisions of the Wages and Hours Act were assailed by President Roosevelt. . . . The House voted to conduct a sweeping investigation of the National Labor Relations Board.

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AT HOME. At the Harry Bridges deportation hearings in San Francisco, John L. Leech, former Communist organizer, pointed to Bridges as a Communist, declared Communist party members had been placed on "beat-up squads" and engaged in

murder. He asserted the technique whereby Communists conceal their identity was dangerous to the United States, adding that he had at one time assigned 500 Communists to join the California National Guard. . . . Mrs. Leech testified a Communist delegation called at their home, asked her husband to make a statement that Bridges was not a Communist. . . . Aaron Sapiro, another witness, testified Bridges told him the Communist party controlled the maritime unions on the West Coast. Earl Browder, the witness asserted, remarked to him: "Bridges is one of the hardest members we have to handle in the party."

GREAT BRITAIN. The fate of President Roosevelt's neutrality proposals had a depressing effect upon London, especially as the news from Washington coincided with an ugly deadlock in the Anglo-Polish loan negotiations and with continued failure to make headway in the three-power negotiations in Moscow. The British, however are getting abundant supplies of war materials from the United States now, and they are confident that in case of a European war the impact upon American public opinion would speedily drive the existing embargo off the statute books. . . . At a brilliant farewell dinner tendered in his honor, Lord Lothian, Britain's Ambassador-designate to Washington, asserted that "public opinion in the United States has become more and more alarmed. . . . If a new World War broke out it would be extremely difficult for her, however hard she might try, to keep out indefinitely if she were to protect her own vital interests." . . . J. L. Garvin, commenting in *The Observer*, stated that the complete withdrawal of the United States from world affairs as desired by Congress isolationists "would give to the dictatorships stimulus to aggression and incentive to war." Mr. Garvin paid tribute to Lord Lothian as having the qualities designed to interpret one side of the Atlantic to the other, and to Ambassador Kennedy for the work he has done in that line. . . . Declaring that one million Britons must not die in a "Jew war," Sir Oswald Mosely, British Fascist, proposed a program of friendship with Hitler based on a German "Monroe Doctrine in Central Europe."

GERMANY. About 2,000 members of the German *Versuchungsgruppe*—special unit of Storm Troopers well known for its exploits in the Sudetenland before the Czecho-Slovak crisis—arrived in Danzig. Their coming is believed to be connected with a possible Nazi move in the Free City. . . . Herr Hitler, in an article contributed to the current issue of *Art in the Third Reich*, admitted that he had planned the conquest of Austria three months before it actually occurred. . . . Nazi exasperation with the government of the Czech protectorate has reached a high pitch because of what is termed its passive resistance policy, its refusal to take responsibility for various unpopular measures the Reich Protector has recently decreed. Czech Minister of the Interior Jezek was upbraided by German Police

Chief Himmler, who said that if necessary Germany would act with the utmost ruthlessness to impose order on the Czech people. . . . A new form of treason—overeating—was decreed.

FRANCE. Quietly, in the midst of its campaign against Hitlerian aggression, France, through its Syrian High Commissioner, Gabriel Puax, suspended the constitution of the Republic of Syria in a move believed preliminary to changing the Republic into a kingdom with a puppet ruler. The Syrian President, Hasim El Atassi, resigned in protest against French violation of Syrian independence. The Republic had been mandated to France with local autonomy. . . . Dismay was caused in Paris by the tiding over to the next congressional session of the Roosevelt proposals for revision of American neutrality. It was argued that without the backing of the United States and Russia, French statesmen who incline to risk an immediate war before the German machine grows yet more powerful, would be forced to yield to those urging a more pacific policy. These statesmen had been confident that American altruism would back them in administering a *coup de grâce* to the dictators. Congress, it is felt, has played into the hands of Hitler, by delaying the possibility of Roosevelt cooperation in any sudden move by the Franco-British alliance. . . . The settlement of two villages in France by Spanish refugees, to be named Ickes, after the United States Secretary of the Interior, and Lincoln, was proposed by a conference of American sponsors.

ITALY. Categorical denial followed the report that the Adriatic port of Trieste had been leased to Germany for ten years. The possibility remained that the Reich might be given a "free zone" in the port as a solution to the stagnation of Trieste, which has lost its flow of exports since the disappearance of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia as independent states. . . . In Bolzano Province, twenty-six Italian Tyrolese and four Blackshirt militiamen have been killed during the past two months in various shooting affrays. The Tyrolese are resisting their expulsion to Germany on the ground that their Austrian compatriots have already been betrayed by the Reich. . . . Count Ciano returned from Spain fortified only by the Franco government's announced promise that "complete solidarity on all points of view was reached and collaboration will be advanced so that all the objectives of Il Duce and General Franco will be realized." The military pact predicted by the press did not materialize.

FOOTNOTES. "Poland has decided to fight for Danzig if she has to fight alone," Marshal Smigly-Ridz told an American writer. . . . The Dionnes are reported to have rivals in quintuplets, born to the wife of a Mexican newspaperman. . . . The official distributing agency for Mexico's expropriated foreign oil industry announced that it had been able to sell the entire output.

CORRESPONDENCE

KELLY AT THE BAT IN BOSTON

EDITOR: If Louis F. Doyle correctly reports the "recordings" he says have been made of De Wolf Hopper's immortal recitations of Ernest Lawrence Thayer's immortal *Casey at the Bat*, Hopper must have greatly degenerated in sensitive artistry as years went on. He committed, in the first quarter-century of his nightly recitation, no such sins against taste, realism, and the music of words, as Father Doyle heard either in preserved records made in later years or on that occasion in St. Louis "just thirty years ago" when Father Doyle heard him in person and was so much impressed.

Thayer published the classic in the San Francisco *Examiner* on June 3, 1888, as part of his day's work. It was reprinted all over the country that summer. When the dramatic season opened in New York that fall, Hopper recited it as an encore, and made such a hit that he was kept reciting it to new decades until his death in 1935. I used to hear him right along up to and somewhat after the "thirty years ago" when Father Doyle came under Casey's spell at St. Louis, but I cannot swear to later dates and so must accept Father Doyle's ascription to Hopper of degeneration in taste, realism, and ear for rhythm, meter and scansion.

According to Father Doyle, the degenerated Hopper rendered, in his strangely premature senile decadence, the magical Thayer line: "And the atmosphere was shattered by the force of Casey's blow" two syllables short, thereby ruining both its scansion and meter and utterly destroying the rhythm. He charges Hopper with the distortion, "and the air was shattered." According to him, the unaccountably decadent Hopper descended to substituting East Side dialect for Thayer's pure English and saying "tore de cover off de ball." (Thayer did, of course, say "Kill de umpire!" because there he was quoting the yell of the bleachers.)

Decadent indeed; the Hopper I used to hear tearing the cover off the ball was as pure in taste and as sensitive in ear as Thayer himself. It is a shock, this revelation, to a reverent memory going back to the 1880's and extending through the 1890's and the first ten of the 1900's. If such a thing were thinkable I would, rather than give up those endeared memories, go the length of thinking Father Doyle a mighty poor reporter of what he hears.

But I forgive him his poor ear and his certitude about history, in view of his service in re-arousing the interest of a younger public in the one classic American recitation, of which only one classic American reciter was or ever will be capable. That re-arousal prompts me to inform the re-aroused younger public that *Casey at the Bat* is not fiction or extravaganza, but describes, sarcastically, an actual happening, sensational in its time.

As Thayer first wrote it, but not as it was printed, it was *Kelly at the Bat* and the opening line as Hopper recited it was: "It looked extremely rocky for the Boston nine that day"—not, as Father Doyle accuses the later and degenerate Hopper of giving it in St. Louis "thirty years ago," the weak and tame line: "The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day." What a thunderstorm of extra r's Hopper did roll into that "extremely" and that "rocky"! (I mean the lusty and virile Hopper I used to hear for twenty-two years, not the commonplace Hopper Father Doyle heard once in St. Louis.) And the last line read: "But there is no joy in Boston; mighty Kelly has struck out."

Mike Kelly was called the mighty man of the Boston nine, who were the champion nine in 1888. He is celebrated in a popular song of that day, *Slide, Kelly, Slide!* He did strike out in just the way Thayer describes, disdainfully letting the ball go by twice and then missing it on the third and last opportunity. This fall of the "mighty" though conceited grand-stand player awoke irreverent joy in young Thayer's soul, and that day he dashed off the immortal poem and turned it in to his editor in San Francisco.

But the editor had qualms about offending readers who were fanatical over the Bostons and whose pocketbooks were still flattened by the impact of Kelly's lost blow on their bets, and to whom lost blows were no laughing matter. So he changed the words to "Mudville" and "Casey" and made the wondrous creation impersonal and inoffensive. Thus, at least, one of those officiating at Casey's birth in the *Examiner* office recorded in print perhaps ten years later. Whether it was so recorded by the editor himself, or Thayer, or another, I do not now remember.

New York, N. Y. CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

TAXES

EDITOR: AMERICA's position on the third-term is admirable. Of course, this position will be attacked as partisan and anti-Roosevelt but only by those who either lack the wit to understand it or who are themselves blinded by partisanship. You are not thinking of a man and his political fortunes but of a principle which, if held inviolate, will help greatly to keep us from falling into the snare of a dictatorship.

At the risk of being stigmatized as a partisan may I add a reflection? It seems to me that the Administration's policy on taxation is sufficient to show that the country needs a Congress and a President with a different policy. On October 19, 1932, Candidate Roosevelt said: "Taxes are paid in the sweat of every man who labors, because they

are a burden on production and are paid through production. If these taxes are excessive, they are reflected in idle factories, in tax-sold farms, in hordes of hungry people tramping the streets and seeking jobs in vain." But on May 22, 1939, the President advanced the singular theory that what we spend is, after all, not a liability which must be paid by the people but an investment which enriches them.

It is true that wise spending by the Government profits the people, but spending is not wise when it necessitates taxes which, as Candidate Roosevelt truly said, are reflected "in idle factories, in tax-sold farms, in hordes of hungry people tramping the streets and seeking jobs in vain." These words picture the once prosperous United States after nearly seven years of President Roosevelt as self-styled "head of the Nation."

The Administration's avowed theory that, when we pay taxes to provide for the now multitudinous activities of the Federal Government, we are paying money to ourselves has no connection with reality. In my judgment, the necessary outcome of policies founded upon this theory is a continuation of idle factories, tax-sold farms, and hordes of hungry people tramping the streets and seeking jobs in vain.

Louisville, Ky.

WILEY ROLLIVER

DEFINITION OF EVIL

EDITOR: The pleasure I experienced in reading Kenan Carey's penetrating and sympathetic analysis of Maugham's loss of faith in God (AMERICA, June 17) was considerably diminished by the author's astonishing and dangerous misunderstanding about the nature of evil. He writes:

Mr. Maugham, we observe, is puzzled because he thinks that an all-powerful God should be able to make a finite world without evil in it. But the very idea of a finite world without any evil in it involves a contradiction. Evil is simply a lack of some good. And only in God Himself can there be no lack of goodness. Consequently a finite world by its very nature must have some lack of perfection; must have some evil in it. And so must every finite thing in that world, according to its particular nature. So that even an all-powerful God should not be asked to make a finite world without evil in it.

The reasoning is logical, but the definition of evil as simply a lack of some good is false and leads to a false conclusion. Evil is not simply a lack of some good; it is a privation of some good which is due to a being according to its nature. Thus, blindness, insanity, sin are evils in a man because sight, sanity and moral goodness are due to man's nature. But to lack the color of a dandelion, the feathers of a bird, the intelligence of an angel are not evils in a man, because these perfections are not due to human nature. A creature may lack innumerable perfections and still have no evil in it, simply because the perfections lacking are not due to its nature.

Obviously, then, if every creature in the world possessed all the goodness or perfection which its particular nature demanded, the world would be without evil but still finite. And what is to prevent

God from giving to every creature what its particular nature requires?

There is no contradiction whatever in the concept of a finite world with no evil in it. True, there is a contradiction in the idea of a finite world of free beings without the possibility of evil. Perhaps that is what Father Carey is driving at. As his position is stated, however, it is the false position of Hegel.

So, I should say that Mr. Maugham is correct in thinking that an all-powerful God should be able to make a finite world without evil but wrong in judging that the evil that does exist in the world implies any contradiction of God's infinite power and goodness. Evil is a mystery; but, like other mysteries, it does not contradict understood truth. This is the point that Kenan Carey should have made clear to Maugham. I should like to read whatever he might have to say on that point. Judging from his previous article, it would be unusually interesting.

Detroit, Mich.

JULES J. TONER, S.J.

CRYPTIC

EDITOR: The article, *Thanks, for the Opportunity*, by Father Feeney (AMERICA, July 8), one conceives, will stimulate many letters here. As a persistent reader of AMERICA's poetry pages, I rise to remark that it does not matter how limited the number of poets whose offerings are accepted—though the editor categorically disproves this partiality, but it is the quality which sometimes worries or bewilders this reader, as she studies the lines published.

An old teacher in a literary course in Roxbury, Boston, said in discussing poetry: "All good poetry could be easily expressed in prose." She doubtless meant poetic prose. It was either this nun or one of the Notre Dame de Namur Order who suggested: "Readers of poetry should have a strong feeling of collaboration with the poet."

This reader has read and reread the poetry page but often with no success in the attempt to transcribe the lines into prose.

Is there a premium placed on the cryptic in poetry by the editor of these pages or is the motto at times "Only God and Browning can understand" or something like that?

ADELAIDE MARGARET DELANY

Philadelphia, Pa.

PROPAGANDIZED

EDITOR: Gene Tunney's article, *Ruby Star Atop Colossal Soviet Fake* (AMERICA, July 8), fills a crying need. But unfortunately the people who would be wiser for reading it, don't see AMERICA. Why don't more of the clergy subscribe? A priest, recently returning from New York, spoke of nothing he saw there but the building of the Soviet Government at the World's Fair, and spoke with undiluted, enthusiastic praise—proving the truth of what Mr. Tunney writes.

The South

V. B.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

MATTER HELPS THE SOUL BUT MINDS MAKE MATERIALISM

JOHN LaFARGE

IF you go to Stamford, Conn., you can look for the workshop of Robert Wood. You will not find it, because Mr. Wood does not live in Stamford, though he is not so far away. Moreover his name is not Robert, though something like Robert. I avoid giving his precise name and address merely because there is very little trouble discovering him if you travel enough around that part of Long Island Sound, and he can then not blame me for sending inquisitive visitors to his door. His family name, however is Wood. He has four sons, who are all called Wood like their father, chips, etc.; and most noticeable of all, the entire five Woods are wholly devoted to one interest, which is wood.

The Woods study wood, carve wood, and make precious, beautiful articles out of wood. They devote great attention to the qualities of exotic woods, like varieties of teak and other tropical products. They are equally devoted to the rare qualities of our ordinary American maples and pines. They take particular delight in revealing the texture of ordinary wood through incessant polishing of the natural finish, before and after long exposure to the light: a finish that no varnish can rival, no ordinary wearing will scratch and spoil.

Mr. Wood spoke in June before the annual meeting of a learned society. His talk made his hearers wood-conscious, and I have been examining desks, tables and old highboys ever since.

Mr. Wood might be labeled a materialist, because his life is taken up with studying and working with matter. Nothing is more definitely material than wood. If you have wooden brains, you have no spirit in them. Wood fulfils the definitions that philosophers like to attach to matter. It has measurable weight and extension, length, depth and breadth; is made up of parts outside of parts. Professor Millikan would tell me that if I had a large enough microscope—a cosmologist's microscope, of course,—I would find wood to be made up of little revolving algebras, and the x behind all the algebras is an inexplicable thing done by Almighty God. But I have no cosmologist's microscope. All I know is that wood comes in two-by-fours, board feet and cords, and that as a rule you

have not enough of it when you start to build or make anything, and that you cannot find many boys today who can handle a miter or plane or lathe as carpenters used to do. The Federal theatre has been offering more attractive opportunities. Now that is passing out, something else will come along, but not carpenter shops, save for wood-minded folks like the Woods.

Mr. Wood and the four boys may be materialists for all I know, though they do not talk that way. But one thing is certain. If they are materialists, it is not because they are dealing with matter.

Materialism is not something communicated by matter, unless that matter happens to be something peculiarly seductive, like surroundings of great luxury or crushing the spirit with many cares, like that of the farmer in the Scriptures whose whole talk was of crops and bulls. Even then, the materialist frame of mind comes not straight from the matter itself, not from the jewels and silks, but from the fond dreams which the spirit chooses to make about jewels and silks and gold plate and singing men and women; the mental process of anxious planning.

Materialism originates in the spirit of man and resides there. Materialism is the spirit denying itself its true dignity, forfeiting its freedom for slavery, for the sake of enjoying or pursuing matter.

Sober matter, matter that implies rational choice of means and activities; humble matter, which grows in beauty as man labors upon it, is the ally of the spirit. It is one of the instruments that the Creator has chosen to bring the spirit back to Him.

The most perfect, the simplest exemplification of this truth is found in the Incarnation of the Word of God. The Word, in becoming Man, chose a material body in order to lift matter-minded man up to a share in the life of the eternal Spirit.

Having a material body, Christ, the Word Incarnate, used material things for His most far-reaching operations upon the spirit of man.

Water, the commonest of all forms of matter, became the "matter" for the Sacrament of Baptism. The world's Redemption was wrought upon the wood of the Cross. He gave this supreme honor to

wood, which had already been so honored in the Ark of the Covenant and the various precious woods of the Temple in the Old Testament, just as stone had been honored in the Tables of the Law. Two hard stone tablets wrenched the carnal minds of the Hebrews up to the vision of the Creator's will.

Bread and wine formed the matter to be transubstantiated into that Eucharistic Presence by which the glorified Humanity of Christ nourishes directly man's spirit with His own Person.

His teaching and revelation of Divinity was through matter: water was changed into wine, water was walked upon, sick and dead bodies were restored, the Temple Veil was rent. The Saviour pointed to cloths, bottles, seeds, flowers, vines, roots and branches; to ploughs and pitchers and well curbs; to roofs and cellars and corner stones; to hills and mountains.

The paradox about materialism is this.

The whole world ails from it. But there never was a time when people had less knowledge and "feel" of matter. To use Gerard Hopkins' expression, the shod foot does not feel the hard ground.

We know it only through a medium of processing and endless intricate transformation, yet this sublimated matter clings to our spirits as never did the homely substances of wood and iron.

In the telephone receiver, which the modern man handles as distinctively as did the medieval man his sword, there are, I believe, 125 different substances coming from as many parts of the world. This may give you a certain cosmic feeling. It may make your heart warm sympathetically to our international trade policy. Nevertheless, this synthetic world, until we have the spiritual medicine strong enough to resist it, does intoxicate the spirit with a notion that it is a substitute for the spirit. It falsely implies that its subtlety and agility is the spirit's subtlety and agility.

At the turn of each year I receive a visit from an old boyhood friend, who sojourned long in the Orient. He is obsessed with this particular notion. He is convinced that his body vibrations, his intuitions of prismatic spectra, and what not, are manifestations of his spirit and that the spiritual life consists in tuning in to these supposedly super-material manifestations. His annoying error is part of that whole scheme of thinking which makes wealthy widows fall for occultism or New Thought and would sanction peyote-eating among the American Indians as an "act of religion." Such beliefs are infinitely more unspiritual than those of the robber who steals your purse, yet goes to Confession after doing so and promises to restore your property. The robber makes no humbug. He knows what is matter and what is spirit, and that in a fit of criminal folly he chose material enjoyment for spiritual rectitude. The moment he does penance, he pays full tribute to the everlasting truth.

Materialism, in other words, is unreal. It is a morbid condition of the mind. Where the mind comes frequently in contact with quite ordinary realities, there is less temptation to materialism.

This is why materialism, other things being equal, does not so readily make progress among

people engaged in pursuits which demand immediate contact with obvious material realities as it does among those whose lives are more entangled in immaterial interests and pursuits. Materialism takes hold of the skilled craftsman or the farmer only after there is long spiritual neglect, a persistent starvation of the religious life, a continual wearing down of the spirit through misery and economic or political disorder. It took several generations in Northern Europe to produce the apostasy of the laboring masses. The European laborer was traditionally religious. Only when the laborer became a proletarian; only after the atheistic intellectuals had got in their systematic and persistent work upon him and he had been despaired of by the good and the religious, did he wholeheartedly embrace materialism.

In our cities, there is a fair proportion of people who would be rendered much less susceptible than they now are to materialist propaganda if they could steady their minds by a different contact than they now experience with material reality. Such a different contact, for instance, would be the opportunity to experience the strict and manifold discipline which the soil, the weather, the slow processes of time place upon the farmer who grows a graded and staple crop, such as first-class tobacco; or who coaxes from the ground the variety of vegetables and animal feeds which make him and his family self-sustaining. There is something uncanny; *unheimlich*, as the Germans say, that on this hot July day, when millions of arable acres of land throughout the nation are parched with a prolonged drought, and country churches are sending suppliant prayer to Heaven for rain, millions of our citizens are cheerfully unconscious that anything out of the ordinary is taking place, being merely simply and naturally thankful that they are enjoying pleasant, rainless week-ends.

The Devil uses matter to seduce men's souls through the pleasures or the burden of their bodies. But God uses matter to discipline men's souls through reminding them of that unchanging, inflexible order which is ever His. The Son of Man submitted to that discipline in its strictest form for ten-elevenths of His earthly life; and so, as already said, He did not disdain to place the very mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven under the humble guard of common matter.

We shall not be able to grapple with the monster of materialism and implant as they should be implanted the supernatural doctrines of the Faith which alone can vanquish it, unless more means be provided than are now available for families of ordinary salaried people to own their own plot of ground, join as a family unit in cultivating their plot and in making with home workshop some of the things they are capable of fashioning. The difficulty about such a proposal is not in the proposal itself; it is fully attainable if there is a general will to attain it. What is needed is that general will, and that must come from the understanding that the good Lord has made matter—wood, soil or metal—to be man's helpful and useful servant in establishing the freedom of man's own soul.

BOOKS

THE TRAGEDY OF WOODROW WILSON

WOODROW WILSON: LIFE AND LETTERS. ARMISTICE. By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$5

THIS concluding Volume Eight of the series ends with the Armistice. The presentation of the matter is without comment, a practice begun in Volume Seven. While this method is less pleasing to the reader's curiosity, it is more objective for his judgments. The time covered is from March, 1919, "We Must Go the Limit," to November 11, 1918, "The War Thus Comes to an End." Commander-in-Chief of the greatest Army and Navy in the history of the nation, practically dictator of the civilian population and ruler of a naturally submissive war-time Congress, President Wilson is here shown in the exercise of the most supreme power ever granted an American. The circumstances fitted perfectly his didactic training and character. He commanded disciplined forces. Here, too, was the ideal milieu for his abstract theorizing and for his literary ability. The inspirational effect made him the leading propagandist the world, then living on phrases, had so far produced. Biographers of Lincoln regret that the Reconstruction Days were not the climax of his life. Biographers of Wilson would be happier without the days of the Versailles Treaty, as well as the months from December to March preceding America's entry into the war, April 6, 1917. In a confidential message to Secretary Tumulty, April 10, 1917, President Wilson wrote: "... just between you and me I did not send Colonel House abroad to prevent war." And yet Wilson had been elected on the slogan, "he kept us out of war."

March-April, 1918, were the dark nights of the Allies. "Ambassador Page was ... reporting ... the Prime Minister's 'urgent hope' that the United States would rush further military reinforcements to France at this critical hour ... for the help it will give, also for its steadying effect on the public mind in France and Great Britain ... Lord Derby remarked to me that if all possible American troops do not get in at once they may have no chance to get in at all ... Field Marshal Haig made his famous pronouncement to his troops: With our backs to the wall ... each one of us must fight on to the end ..."

Forgetting the war's dubious origins and buoyed up by its catchy slogans, the American people loyally sacrificed everything, life, service, food, thought, for ultimate victory under the absolute leadership of the President. He and the nation were fortunate in his subordinates as a whole, particularly in Secretary Baker and General Pershing. The great mobilization of soldiers as well as of citizens was efficient beyond dream. May and June, 1918, were the "very peak and crisis" of the war. The Overman bill conferring various dictatorial powers on the President proved that modern war, even the serious likelihood of war, will transfer the purest democracy into a totalitarian government. Lucky are the people who regain their freedom! To the credit of Woodrow Wilson, he voluntarily relinquished such powers with victory. July and August, 1918, saw the beginning of Bolshevistic terrorism in Russia and the landing of American troops in that country. Meanwhile, a million Americans had embarked for France. With such moral and physical reinforcements, the allied counter-attack began. August 8, 1918, was Germany's "black day." The American plan, with Wilson's support of Pershing, was eventuating in certain victory. It was the climax of Wilson's career.

With amazement at his physical stamina, one reads through this day-by-day diary of a man who had hun-

dreds of epochal decisions to make in virtue of his position as practically dictator of a whole nation, and in virtue of his position as temporary dictator to the Allies. He frequently referred matters to proper subordinates. But democracy for Ireland, as later on economic security for Catholic Austria, was rejected because he was unable "to guide matters." Similarly he ignored the peace-plea of Pope Benedict XV. The famous fourteen points had been substantially proposed by His Holiness, but "the whole matter of dealing with Austria-Hungary concerning peace is complicated by the change of circumstances which has taken place since my address to Congress ... Since then we have recognized the Czechoslovaks and ... the Jugo-Slavs, and have created obligations of honor toward them." Thus Woodrow Wilson, too often the master of hollow phrases, wrote to Cardinal Gibbons about the Pope's plea for a just peace.

When the news reached President Wilson that the armistice had been signed, he wrote out by hand the following statement to the people: "The armistice was signed this morning. Everything for which America fought has been accomplished." Such naivete is consistent with Wilson's character. Here is a further illustration: The national elections, November 7, 1918, were the first since our entrance into the world war. President Wilson had pleaded for a personal vindication through the election of a Democratic Congress. But the people returned Republican majorities in both Houses of Congress. The rebuked Wilson declared, in Mr. Baker's summary, that he was "not in the least discouraged"! Such self-sufficiency (let posterity decide if it was a messianic complex!) was Woodrow Wilson's to the end.

The present volume proves him to have been the most powerful single force in winning the war that seemed to close November 11, 1918. The Versailles treaty was to reopen it. Would that it were closed today! The reader of this diary will find too many fateful parallels in 1939 to 1917-18. Today subtle propaganda is destroying America's "never again" vows of election and armistice days of 1918. To Ray Stannard Baker, the indefatigable editor, a sincere word of thanks and congratulation. Historians will be his pleased debtors.

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL

FROM DON'S DAUGHTER TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

THE GOOD PAGAN'S FAILURE. By Rosalind Murray. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.40

THE AUTHOR of this distinctive work is a daughter of Professor Gilbert Murray, the celebrated British classical scholar. Brought up in the enlightened Pagan tradition and later converted to Roman Catholicism, Miss Murray is eminently qualified to discuss the Pagan and the Christian *Weltanschauung* of our contemporary civilization. With sympathetic restraint and remarkable objectivity, she has here produced an admirable analysis of the birth, growth and decay of the "Good Pagan" experiment.

The typical "Good Pagan," on whom, the author claims, modern civilization depends, manifests Christian and heathen elements. He is "perhaps the most completely civilized being and also the most humane the world has known." Having appropriated "the Christian ethic, detached from its accretions," he has for the past four centuries striven to interpret Christianity in purely pragmatic terms. By bringing the abstract and immaterial into quantitative dimension, he has attempted

to create a heaven here below for himself and his fellow men. And now he beholds the fabric of his noble dreams crumbling into dust due "to the one primal fault from which it sprang, the denial of God . . . the rejection of the supernatural order . . . both in the human soul and in the world."

The sharp and irreconcilable differences between the totalitarian Christian and the "Good Pagan" are sketched with flawless precision. Yet for this honest portrayal of their perdurable conflict both alike must feel indebted to the author. The Christian will be inspired to tread the higher paths of vision which lie unfolded in the pages of this book. The Pagan will catch the gleam of that Kindly Light which points to a City not built by hands.

EUGENE P. BURNS

ROMANCE OF GIRLHOOD

APRIL WAS WHEN IT BEGAN. By Barry Benefield.
Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc. \$2.50

HERE is certainly one of the season's most delightful stories. It concerns a lonely little girl, Lula Horgas, more familiarly known as Dik-Dik, and the high romance in her life after one Mark Wivert came to be a boarder in her father's house. This house, one of the many aging brownstone mansions which line Manhattan's West Side, seems a questionable place in the beginning, since Dik-Dik's father is a dabbler in the occult, and there is a mysterious chamber where spirits have been known to come and talk. But it is home to Dik-Dik, and presently it is home to Mark Wivert, the quiet young man from South Brooklyn who has risen to the pre-eminent post of fourth deputy assistant editor in a New York publishing firm.

The people tramping through Mr. Benefield's latest opus are an engaging lot, with few sins and frequent virtues. The plot is slight, if a child's loneliness can ever be so termed, but it is sufficient. There are few dull moments. The impeccable Mark Wivert, soon known as "Mole," realizes the disastrous plight of the neglected young Dik-Dik and gives her the companionship and encouragement an only child needs. Soon the neighborhood hoodlums cease molesting the reticent youngster and teasing her for being the child of a "spook doctor." With Mole as a guide, Dik-Dik makes friends and her young personality blooms hopefully.

It is difficult to find why little Lula Horgas has been given the cognomen, "Dik-Dik." An etymologist might recognize it as a variant of dig-dig, the Royal Abyssinian antelope, but this is scarcely enlightening, nor does it have much to do with one of the most interesting young ladies in modern fiction. What happens to Dik-Dik when her beloved Mole falls in love with Bridget O'Sheel furnishes the conclusion of one of the most unlikely and lovable tales that have appeared in a long time.

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE. By Michael Cardinal Faulhaber. Coldwell, London. 7/6

LIKE a token of that peace not of this world which is the Church's security in strife, this finely drawn collection of character portraits comes to us from the pen of the sorely-tried Cardinal Archbishop of Munich. Cardinal Faulhaber's deep knowledge of Sacred Scripture and sympathetic understanding of human nature is evident throughout, but it is not surprising to find him at his best when portraying the Queen of Martyrs or the Old

Testament heroines in suffering who foreshadowed her. From Miriam to the Mother of the Machabees and the women of the Gospels and of apostolic times, the charter of woman's true rights and dignity is traced through an impressive series, culminating in the masterpiece, our Blessed Mother. As the late Archbishop Goodier, S.J. writes in the Foreword: "This is a book which cannot be read quickly, but which will well reward every hour spent in its study."

GABRIEL G. RYAN

BLACK NARCISSUS. By Rumer Godden. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50

DESCRIBING the life of a group of Anglican nuns who come to the Himalayas to establish a school and dispensary, *Black Narcissus* is certainly an unusual book.

The General's Palace at Mopu, the site of the new convent of St. Faith's, is perhaps an unfortunate place, for having once housed a community of native concubines for the late General; its unfortunate reputation persists and the newcomers are not greeted as cordially as they might be. At any rate, the Sisters do their best to make the place into an Anglican convent, but fail miserably. They get on each other's nerves, one of them falling so much in love with the dissolute Resident Agent that she becomes insane and attempts to kill the Sister Superior in a jealous rage. Instead, she is killed herself by falling over a precipice and becoming impaled on a bamboo stake.

For the most part, the nuns of St. Faith's are a human, intelligent lot, but their spiritual life seems somewhat arid and pitiful. The Superior, Sister Clodagh, entered the Order because of an unfortunate love affair in girlhood, and at the General's Palace she is driven to remember her former lover by the appearance of a young Indian prince who comes to the convent to prepare himself for studies at Cambridge. There are references to various devotions, principally Compline and Evensong, but St. Faith's seems to have less faith than a blind hope. In the end, pagan and beautiful India, with her strange rites, lofty mountains and mysterious legends, claims it for defeat.

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

HOLMES OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Oxford University Press. \$2.50

MR. DEWOLFE HOWE is particularly qualified on many counts to write of the lovable, sprightly Autocrat. He is a Pulitzer prize-winner in biography, he was once an editor on the *Atlantic*, he is very much at ease in the nineteenth century, and twice he saw the little Doctor plain—at a Harvard anniversary and in the drawing-room of Mrs. Fields. His scholarly study is sympathetically done, the whole in just the proper perspective, neither does he overestimate his subject nor yet patronize him: he aims at bringing "Holmes, his time and his place within the range of our later vision."

Holmes' long life, as the author points out, was singularly lacking in externally dramatic events. Nobody cares nowadays what his opinions were on abolition, and his valuable pioneering in medical matters is pretty well forgotten; not even a great number linger for a chat over the teacups. Yet a certain residuum of his work endures (who could forget the wonderful "One-Hoss Shay"?), as must indeed, according to Lionel Johnson, the art which "meditates at home." And his personality does not dwindle when he stands among his mightier Brahmin brothers. There are eight illustrations, the most interesting of which depicts Holmes as oarsman on the Charles.

PAULA KURTH

ROOTS OF CHANGE. By Joseph H. Fichter, S.J. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$2.50

SOCIAL and political history is here portrayed in the pleasant form of biographical sketches. Father Fichter has chosen fourteen men and one woman as key personages in this history, either for theories which they originated, or for their influence as apostles of social changes. The list is a varied one, with such contrasts as Saint Vincent de Paul and Marx, Pope Leo XIII and Tolstoy, Cardinal Manning and Tom Paine. The author

THEATRE

makes no pretense of having made a complete selection—he names seven others in his introduction whom he would like to have included if space and time permitted. His modest claim is that the people about whom he has written did contribute to the social thought and action of their day, and of ours. Not all were influential in the right direction. But they were all forces, potent forces, worthy of critical study.

These sketches, written in a scholarly and very interesting way, provide an excellent introduction to the study of social justice, as Father Gillis points out in his Foreword. It will surprise many that few of our scientific, technical, social methods are discoveries of the twentieth century—they were tried and proved in the seventeenth. And ideas which are branded as new today, on labor, social security, old-age pension, are not new at all. Even Leo XIII did not revolutionize Catholic teaching on these subjects—he simply recalled and modernized age-old principles of Catholic social philosophy. A reading of this book will repay the general reader, and will be an inspiration for the student of social questions.

ROBERT A. HEWITT

PATRICIA. By Grace Livingston Hill. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2

MRS. HILL has produced some sixty idyllic tales of young love. *Patricia* is one more. It tells the story of a modern girl's struggle to grow up unspoiled and democratic in a home managed by a domineering mother. We are introduced to Patricia at a party, ostensibly given to celebrate her engagement to Thorny Bellingham, a rich young bully. Then suddenly there is a switch-back and Patricia's life from childhood on is reviewed.

Everyone should be grateful that the heroine is saved from an unhappy marriage by the sudden appearance of John Worth, her childhood sweetheart from the wrong side of the tracks. Grown older and famous as an inventor, he has come back to claim her as his own, in the very nick of time. Surely a more upright young man than John never existed, and Patricia is his feminine counterpart.

The days of the Elsie Dinsmore novels have been gone for some time. Perhaps there is a class of moderns to whom such heroines as Patricia Prentiss appeal.

MARY FAYAN WINDEATT

MORAL PROBLEMS OF MENTAL DEFECT. By J. S. Cammack, S.J. Benziger Bros. \$2.25

SOME aspects of the difficult problem of judging the moral responsibility of those who are congenitally defective are treated in this volume. The author summarizes the Catholic doctrine of moral imputability, gives the modern findings on the influence of heredity in the causation of mental defect, and, most important of all, shows that the case histories of so called moral defectives do not support the idea of strict "moral insanity." A moral defective is a mental defective who is also a delinquent. He is not a mentally normal individual who was born amoral.

The work does not draw practical conclusions for judging the moral guilt of various classes of defectives. But it prepares the way for further study of these questions by a competent criticism of the modern data on heredity and on "moral insanity." The moralist cannot afford to overlook this important contribution to the subject.

JOHN C. FORD, S.J.

THE ADVENTURES OF SAINT PAUL. By Joan Windham. With illustrations by François Bisson. Sheed and Ward. \$1.50

MISS WINDHAM has written an interesting life of St. Paul for children, setting forth all the romantic features of his many years of labor, travel, perils and martyrdom. The matters which might cause difficulty to young readers are skilfully simplified. A map of his voyages and several illustrations done in a very modern style enliven the pages. The author will help children to admire and imitate this great hero for whom to live was Christ.

JOHN J. COLLINS

YOKEL BOY. This new musical comedy did not set many joy bells ringing when it opened recently at the Majestic Theatre, though it was a much heralded and faithfully rehearsed offering, in which a number of very clever men and women worked hard to put it over. The producer, Lew Brown, and his fellow authors (for he had much to do with the book), Charley Tobias and Sam Stept, had "a hundred per cent of cooperation" from Gene Snyder on the dancing and from Walter Jagemann on the costumes. Yet with all this aid from clever workers, and with a thoroughly capable cast, *Yokel Boy* somehow left its audiences lukewarm. Now it seems to be gaining in public favor.

Part of its trouble is due, of course, to a weak and loosely constructed story, in which even the authors seem not much interested. They offer us as hero of the revue, Buddy Ebsen (the *Yokel Boy*), son of a noted dancer; and they give him as partner a new arrival on our stage who is a pretty girl with a pretty name—Lois January. Both Ebsen and Miss January can sing and dance, and both have a great deal of singing and dancing to do. In the course of this, what plot there is is frequently toed off the stage.

There is also a comedy team, Judy Canova and Phil Silvers, whose efforts to put pep into their work are at times a bit too exhausting to them and their audience. Silvers, who has his following to consider, does much of his work on broad lines of vulgarity and burlesque, unmindful of the fact, if indeed he knows it, that the public taste for this special type of humor is dying out in our best theatres. But there are some good songs in *Yokel Boy*, sung by Dixie Dunbar and others, and there is a chorus whose costumes do not allow them to suffer from the heat, and whose members sing and dance with much skill and carefree abandon. All the time all this is going on, one is wondering why *Yokel Boy*, so good in spots, is not more appealing as a whole. My own guess is that there is too much rawness in the lines of Mr. Silvers. These outbreaks are meant to be funny, but they are not funny, and the audience coldly declines to laugh at them. Another fault is the revue's slowness of pace, which should be quickened fifty per cent. But one must offer a warm tribute to Buddy Ebsen's dancing, which is at the top of its class.

HOT MIKADO AT THE FAIR. The *Hot Mikado*, which has been delighting New Yorkers all winter, has moved to the World's Fair and is giving three curtailed performances a day at the Music Hall, with the original colored company. The necessary cutting has been done with extraordinary skill and the performance, which is run through in exactly one hour, is given with all the dash and charm of the original production.

Only one important change has been made in the cast. There is a new Yum Yum, even prettier than the first one and with a better voice. Rose Brown, who has made such a spectacular success in the rôle of Katisha, now has the whole stage to herself in her best song, and justifies the distinction. As a mistress of combined eye-work, song and smile, Miss Brown has no rival in her race and few in any other race.

The *Hot Mikado* began at the Fair with two performances a day—one at 5:15, the other after the Aquacade in the evening. Now, owing to its immediate success, the daily performances are increased to three, and the big Music Hall is always filled. Grover Whalen is said to have attended the new version six times—another proof of his good taste! Another tribute to the production is that the avenue leading to the Music Hall has been permanently named "Hot Mikado Path." This certainly proves that the Fair authorities expect it to remain as long as the Fair does.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE MAGNIFICENT FRAUD. Even the lower bracket melodramas are conscious of democracy these days and this minor story dealing with power politics in a vaguely located South American republic makes a businesslike bid for serious attention. The production was apparently meant to be topical and perhaps there was even some hope of reverberations, but the most likely noise to follow this film will be a dull thud. As a matter of fact, it is little more than an actor's holiday for Akim Tamiroff who demonstrates his versatility in a dual rôle. A French actor who is a fugitive in South America undertakes to impersonate an assassinated president while a huge loan is being floated which will give conspirators the upper hand in government. But the essentially noble actor exposes the scheme and sacrifices his double life for the future of democracy. Robert Florey directed and there is a measure of alternate comedy and excitement to recommend the piece, as well as Tamiroff's sturdy characterizations. Lloyd Nolan and Patricia Morison carry on a secondary romance with secondary enthusiasm while Mary Boland and Ernest Cossart are hard-working on the lighter side. This is just strong enough to carry adult interest over an idle hour. (Paramount)

ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER. The latest episode in the Hardy saga devotes considerable time to detailing Andy's first great romantic disappointment. W. S. Van Dyke takes over the direction of the series and has managed to get the standard effects along with new speed and vitality. Andy's peculiar status in this instance is that of a high school playwright whose interest in the drama is only exceeded by his interest in the dramatic teacher. A case of acute infatuation sets in, but the late revelation that his idol is engaged sends him back to the more contemporaneous Polly. There is a good opportunity offered to distill fun from the amateur theatricals and director Van Dyke does not neglect it. The rest of the family is kept occupied in the meantime with Judge Hardy settling a much weightier problem of his own. The excellent cast is the same assemblage of past films, including Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, Fay Holden and Cecelia Parker. This chapter maintains the usual high entertainment level. (MGM)

UNEXPECTED FATHER. This would be a slight, unmeritable piece indeed if it were not for the ingratiating personality of the infant known as Baby Sandy whose presence in the film will recommend it to feminine enthusiasts if not to casual amusement seekers. It is a somewhat tiresome little comedy presented with frequent lapses into static drama by director Charles Lamont and featuring some highly unoriginal variations on the desirable orphan theme. A movie house usher and a dancer proceed to raise the child whose parents have been accidentally killed. When the baby threatens to become a box-office attraction, a disreputable uncle enters the picture and the routine scramble for guardianship ensues, ending in a partnership arrangement between hero and heroine. Dennis O'Keefe and Shirley Ross are featured with Mischa Auer in a generally unobjectionable trifle. (Universal)

THEY ALL COME OUT. A Crime-Does-Not-Pay short was expanded into a feature length melodrama to make this film, and an artless tale of violence was appended, but the whole thing does not make inviting screen fare. It is more of a disappointed documentary than straight fiction and features exclusive views of Alcatraz more than Rita Johnson, Tom Neal and the rest of the cast. Jacques Tourneur directed this film on tyro criminals who are reclaimed and it can only interest socially-minded adults. (MGM)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

FOLLOWING unique exploratory approaches, Science lunged headlong into the unknown. . . . For the first time in human history, cheese was X-rayed, a photograph of its taste obtained. Cheese connoisseurs will soon be able to have photographs of the taste and odor of favorite cheeses hanging in their dining rooms, researchers believed. . . . The effect of lightning bolts on table silver and electric clocks was revealed in Oklahoma. Studies there showed a fair-sized bolt will tarnish the silver, make purchase of another electric clock necessary. . . . A process whereby soup is heated by sound waves was perfected. In addition to providing heat, the waves also introduce a mellow note into the noises made by soup-eaters. . . . Hitherto untried methods were developed by non-scientists. . . . In Algeria, an Arab started a huge forest fire in a novel manner. When his robes caught fire, he rolled down a grassy slope. A twenty-mile forest fire resulted. . . . A new way of getting firemen scorched before they reach the blaze was exemplified by a Philadelphia fireman. Answering an alarm, he slid too rapidly down the firehouse brass pole, encountered friction burns. . . . A new method of making examinations more difficult was tried out in Connecticut. While 147 girls were taking examinations as hair dressers at the State Capitol building, boys turned thousands of Japanese beetles loose in the room. . . . The sport world produced new title-holders. . . . A fourteen-year-old Pennsylvania boy won the marbles-shooting championship of the United States. . . . Mr. Cruzo, a California frog, with a fourteen-foot, nine-inch leap, won the jumping frog jubilee crown. Runners-up were I'd Like To and Budweiser, Jr. 8,000 people were thrilled by the contest. . . .

The hardships some people must endure were discerned. . . . Because his parents could not agree on a baptismal title, Tiff, a New Hampshire resident, has gone through sixty-one years of life without any first name. . . . Under a new decree, occupants of the Elyria, Ohio, jail will be deprived of perfumed soap. . . . Though his wife hit him with a broom back in 1919, a Pennsylvania farmer could not get his divorce until last week. . . . In the Far West, a woman who believes in horoscopes had her purse snatched on the day her chart called for good fortune. . . . In Montana, a citizen was afflicted with stomach-ache after consuming a fish. The fish had eaten a grasshopper. The grasshopper had eaten poison bran. . . . New forms of court etiquette appeared. A Tennessee judge bans adult spectators from whispering in court, allows babies to cry all they want. . . . A different sort of railroad wreck evolved. A Californian sued a railroad company for wrecking his romance. He charged it failed to deliver to his fiancée a ticket he had purchased for her. Ticketless, his fiancée broke the engagement, rebuffed his attempts at reconciliation. . . .

The far-flung influence that may be wielded by a dead man is exemplified in the case of Karl Marx. . . . One of the girls sent over by Russia to be an attendant in the Soviet Pavilion at the New York World's Fair said only the old people in Sovietdom believe in religion. "We, the younger ones, don't believe in God," she declared smartly. . . . Only for Karl Marx that girl would be worshipping her Maker. . . . A manufacturer made metal plates for display in store windows and on automobiles. The plates read: "No Ism But Americanism." First he tried to sell them in New York, could not sell one. Then he decided he would give 20,000 away. He could not even give them away. Storekeepers, autoists, taxi drivers were afraid to touch them. . . . Only for Karl Marx open display of Americanism in New York City would not be so dangerous today. THE PARADER